

# Butler's Ghost: OR, HUDIBRAS.

The Fourth Part.

WITH

Reflections upon these Times.

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*Jacta est alea. Eras —*

---

*L O N D O N,*

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the  
Black-Bull in Corn-hill, over against the  
Royal-Exchange, 1682.

Case 185.5923

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To the Right Noble  
**H E N R Y**  
LORD MARQUESS AND EARL  
OF WORCESTER,  
EARL OF GLAMORGAN;  
LORD HERBERT OF CHEP-  
STOW, RAGLAND, AND  
GOURE;  
LORD PRESIDENT OF WALES;  
LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE  
COUNTIES OF GLOCESTER,  
HEREFORD, MONMOUTH,  
AND BRISTOLL;  
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER,  
AND  
ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS  
MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE  
PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.

127018  
This Fourth Part of *Hudibras* is with all  
Humility, Dedicated by,  
*My Honourable Lord,*  
*Your Lordships most humble and devoted Servant,*

T. D.

## ЛІКУВАННЯ

СИБИРСКИЕ  
СИБИРСКИЕ  
СИБИРСКИЕ

TO THE  
IMPARTIAL READER.

**I** Cannot but Imagine, that a great many who shall read the Title-page of this Book, will blame me for my vanity and presumption, in attempting to graft my worthless and common-Fruit upon the famous stock of the Eternally flourishing BUNTLER; But to such I answer, That Imitation of an Excellence which we covet to arrive at, and with veneration admire, is so proper and natural to Poets, that it would show a great weakness in any one to deny or dispute it; and though we possibly cannot reach the Perfection, yet I humbly suppose it is neither arrogance nor a fault to endeavour at it. Poetry is like the Court of a great Monarch, where though

## THE PREFACE.

though every one is not a Favourite, yet they study  
to be so, by Emulating the Glory and Noble Actions  
of him that excells and is most famous. If no one  
were to write Dramaticks, unless they could  
equal the Immortal JOHNSON and SHAKESPEARE;  
SPEAR; or Heroicks, unless they stood Com-  
petitors with the Incomparable COWLEY or  
DRYDEN; I fear the Town would lose the di-  
version both of Plays and Poems. But I think we  
are not yet driven to that extremity, nor by the Im-  
partial and Judicious are at all hindred from Im-  
itating Wit and Humour, especially that of so Ad-  
mirable an Author, as the Writer of the first Hu-  
dibras. I am very sensible how much this Poem will  
suffer by a number of people, it being not easily to be un-  
derstood, but by such as have read and are acquainted  
with the other Three parts; yet I am obliged with this  
hope, that those who have not been so happy to read  
them, will have the good nature to excuse this. As to  
the

## THE PREFACE.

Study the Satyr, if there is any in it, I am sorry the  
Tions Times require it, and am more concern'd that most  
o one of the Characters are true; therefore let no one blame  
could me for my honest boldness and freedom in writing  
K E. them, for to palliate a Vice with mental Reserva-  
Com- tion may perhaps be taken for Popery, and none  
X or knows how dangerous the consequence of that may  
e di- prove to an Author. He that puts Sugar to a Lobster  
k we amongst the Vinegar, in my opinion spoils the Dish,  
Im- and he that sweetens his Satyr with an Allay of Fear  
Imr or Favour, I'm sure is fitter to write Poses for Rings  
Ad- than Politiques. For my own part, I desire only the  
Hu- Justice of an English Subject, a fair Tryal by my  
will KING and Country; and then I shall not doubt,  
un- but in spite of malitious and ill-blooded men, that  
tea would cry down this Poem more than they would a  
this Petition or a Remonstrance, to find once in an  
ead Age a Loyall Jury, that shall bring in their  
s to Verdict for it, Billa Vera.  
the

## ЛОСАНЬЯР-ГИД

# HUDIBRAS

## REV'D.

### The Fourth PART.

#### The Argument of the first CANTO.

*The Knight neglected by his friend,  
Resolves his Person to suspend;  
Which Ralpho hinders just i' th' nick,  
By reasons sage and politick;  
Tells him, to do himself true Justice,  
He must Bribe both the Ladies Trustees;  
Like Tory drest; which being obey'd,  
The Knight has luck, the match is made.*

### CANTO I.

**M**ongst all the *Maladies* that revel,  
In hearts possest by *Love*, or *Devil*;  
No *Torment* ever can compare,

To the minds Callenture, *Despair*.

As to believe that Saint will leave us,  
Who has the only Pow'r to save us,  
And lose religiously our Senses,  
By prying into our Offences.

When spite of Passion's Controversy,  
Were we not Fools we might have Mercy;  
For true *Repentance* (the Learned says)  
Unlocks the Cabinet of Grace,  
And from the Sacred Seat within,  
The *Almighty Essence* pardons Sin,  
Except we Zealously intend  
Within our selves to play the fiend,  
And by despairing Doubts of Heaven,  
*Damn* Souls, which else might be *forgiven*.

'Tis strange to think how many ways  
This *Paffion* rages in our days!

Some by *Ambition* get the *Circum*,  
Others despair for *want* of Income:  
Another by a wise State Sham led,  
For *Swearing false*, opines he's Damned;  
And finds too late his Lord's *Parole*,  
Gets no *Redemption* for his Soul.  
A fourth sort of *Rebellion* groan,  
Whose *Eggs*, tho laid in *Forty one*,  
( Such feats can *Virtuoso's* do )  
The *Chickens* hatch in *Eighty two*.  
A modern trick, to show what's done  
For *Interest* and *Religion*;  
When *Wealth* and *Ease* urge the Saint's *Zeal*,  
To Bandy for a *Commonweal*:  
And for the *Church*, or a *worse* thing,  
Rebel and fight against the King;  
These held it a commodious Deed,  
For th' Body's *Hand* to break its *Head*.

But finding th' Argument forsaken,  
Despair'd, because they were mistaken.  
A fifth mad sort there are, that prove  
This Frenzy plagu'd by th' Itch of Love;  
That think of Joys in Heav'n no store is,  
Beyond those in the Lap of *Cloris*:  
And to the Clergy's face will own,  
There's no damnation like her frown;  
No Thunder dreadful as her scorning,  
No Torment like to Loves heart burning;  
'Tis such as these, that *Celia's* Eye  
Can glance to Immortality;  
Transform a whining Amorous Soul,  
Into Wits opposite, a *Fool*.  
'Tis such, that oft in gloomy Quarters  
Swing ont o'th' World in silken Garters;  
Where the dear Name that has deceiv'd,  
In purple Characters is weav'd.

# CANTO I.

5.

The some do of more Courage vapour,  
And stoutly choak with bits of Paper  
Sent from *Couet*, that, ah! too soon,  
Instead of *Billet*, sent *Lampoon*.

Rank'd in this Roll of *Hero's*, was  
Our valiant Knight Sir *Hadibras*:  
He that in baleful bloody Field  
The Churches Foes so oft had quell'd,  
Millions of Wounds receiv'd, and Flaws,  
As Champion for the **Good old Cause**;  
That all Degrees of Battels knew,  
And fought by Rule, as Fencers do.  
He that could prove, that to be swing'd  
Was Honour, if a Wrong's reveng'd,  
And never car'd who *Conquest* gain'd,  
So that his *Kighthood* was not stain'd.

He that stood Thumps from boist'rous hand,  
'Till Back and Shoulders has been tann'd,  
And in fierce Skirmish fatal strife,  
Worn Basket Dudgeon to a Knife;  
Now bends as supple as a Glove,  
Pin'd and consum'd for Ladies Love,  
And as the Vipers venom'd brood,  
Black Toads and Spiders make their Food;  
So *Hudibras*, charm'd to the folly  
Of an infectious Melancholy,  
Vows, it shall be his greatest care  
To take no Diet, but *Despair*.

Near *Mansion* Fair an Orchard stood,  
Replete with *Pears* and *Pippins* good;  
*Goldings* and *Russets*, *Damson Plum*,  
Grew numerous here in little room:

The *Goosberry* and *Corrant* small,  
With *Cherries* blushing on the Wall ;  
Whilst round about the fragrant place,  
*Golins* and *Dasies* deck'd the Grass ;  
Which long had given the Knight content,  
Much pleas'd with *Nature's* Ornament :  
For he these Rents kept in his hand,  
As th' best and choicest spot of Land ;  
And priz'd *this Acre* more than *ten*,  
He saw encumber'd other Men.  
Here was his Warlike Steed confin'd,  
As suiting with his mighty Mind,  
That now most highly he might feed,  
To mend, if possible, his Breed ;  
Who squinting round with milky Rings,  
Disdains to *fellow* with the Kings ;  
And to th' adjacent Meadow neigh'd,  
Calling a Royal *Rowly* Jade.

Near him did *Ralphe's* Palfrey eat,  
Minding full soberly his Meat ;  
And never Eyes once upward hurl'd,  
To view the Trifles of the World,  
But fed to fatten, hoping then  
To get his long-lost Hair agen ;  
Which was by *Wooden Engine* torn,  
And from his Neck most rudely worn.  
When first by *Rural Pagans* he  
Was sold into Captivity.

At the *West End* o'th' Orchard stood  
An apcient *Granary* of Food,  
Which the' Ignorant Vulgar do, in scorn  
Of all good Language, call a *Barn* ,  
Well thatch'd for warmth : And tho not built  
On *Doric* Pillars carv'd and guilt ;  
Yet was (worst Criticks must allow)  
As fit for *Use* , tho not for *Show* ;      Within

Within the Walls high as a Tarras,  
With Cobwebs hung instead of Arras ;  
Great Piles of *Ceres* Wealth appear,  
The Harvest of a fruitful Year ;  
Large yellow *Wheat* that please the Eye,  
*Black Oats*, and tall long *Bearded Rye* ;  
On which the Prince of Ploughmen sweats,  
And earns the Morsel e're he eats ;  
Lording it o're the rest o'th' Yonkers,  
More proud than he that Nations conquers.

It  
in

Into this Solitary Place,  
*Love* brought despairing *Hudibras*,  
In doleful Dumps, and pitious Plight,  
The *Shadow* only left of Knight ;  
With red swoln Eyes, and melting Nose,  
True signs of Love's tormenting Woes,  
He enter'd in, leaning on his Staff,  
As great *Alcides* did on Distaff. His

His right hand held the *blotted Scrawl*,  
Had been so fatal to his Soul ;  
The *Scrawl* that did his *Title* batter,  
And dash'd all hopes e're to be at her.  
His left a Rag of Linnen bears,  
Wet and discolour'd with his Tears ;  
Which oft like Spunge he'd squeeze, and then  
In his Eyes Sluces dip agen.  
His Beard in several Colours shon,  
The Type of great Affliction ;  
Dy'd so, as Writers do opine,  
With drops of Brandy, Ale, and Wine,  
Which negligently dribbled there,  
When he drunk deep to wash off Care.  
The grisly Hairs hung o're his Mouth,  
A mighty hind'rance to his Youth ;  
Which mixt with those hung from his Pole,  
So thick, you could not see the hole :

Nay,

Nay, what's a wonder, having need  
At some convenient times to feed,  
Stupid through Grief, he'd on the sudden  
Into his Nostril cram the Pudden,  
Mistaking, through his Tyde of Woes,  
His Mouth and Gullet for his Nose ;  
And then that he's Enchanted swear,  
Till *Ralph* the great Doubt did clear.  
Thus being oppress'd, the wretched Lover  
Lay down to weep some Minutes over.  
And as the Knights of old did use  
To moan their Cruel Fates, and chuse  
Some gloomy Melancholy place,  
To vent their Woes, and purchase Ease ;  
So *Hudibras* his doleful wrongs  
Thus groan'd from Military Lungs.

*Shall*

Shall I, who was once Great and Famous,  
For Love thus dwindle into a Mouse,  
And be unto my fell disgrace,  
A Flea, a Worm; to what I was:  
Shall I who have refus'd Addresses,  
Kind Billet Deux perfum'd with Kisses,  
From longing Ladies, who were Donors  
Of Hearts, to gratulate my Honours,  
And would have pawn'd their very Smocks,  
From Languishing, and longing Nocks;  
Nay, prostrate all their Charming Beauties  
To Family familiar Duties,  
Upon bare Hopes I would be frugal,  
And enter into Bonds Conjugal.  
Have I known this, I say, and shall —  
With that, his Head against the Wall  
Rudely he thump'd, crying, Take that,  
O thou projecting brainless Pate!

Once,

Once, Twice, and Thrice; which being done,  
Blowing his Nose, he thus went on:

Quoth he, *This Omen doth portend,*  
*My Glories all are at an end;*  
*And that my Life's already span'd*  
*By the Impartial Sisters hand.*  
*Laurels no longer flourish now,*  
*But fade and wither on my Brow:*  
*Friends too that did my Courage swell,*  
*By Acts of Prowess to rebell.*  
*Leave me, not fit for further use;*  
*As Mice forsake a falling House:*  
*Then welcom Death, Cure of Despair;*  
*Thou Cowch where Nature rests from Care.*  
This said, he paus'd — I'le dye — But how,  
And when dead, whither must I go?

For

For th' Saints, for all their inward Light,  
In this dark Point are puzzl'd quite;  
And if (as th' Learned Rubrick holds)  
None go to Heav'n but Loyal Souls,  
Where Honesty and Virtue live,  
There's little hopes that I should thrive;  
And less that they will pass my Ticket,  
And kindly open me the Wicket,  
According to the strictest Sense:  
But if I plead in my Defence,  
That 'twas through Ignorance I fough't,  
And what was wrong, the right side thought;  
Like those that to purge the Nation's Sins  
Religiously destroy'd their Prince;  
Sure then there's little cause and right  
That I should lose a Heaven by't;  
For Zeal is Piety understood,  
If we but think our Cause is good:

Nor does the Spirit e're decay,  
Because we make our selves away ;  
But rather's more oblig'd, when free  
In th' Groves of Immortality :  
Where ranging, I'll defie the harms  
Of Worldly Cares, and Women's Charms.  
This Mortal Resolution made,  
Upon brown *Bilbo* hand he laid,  
And strait to Councel call'd his Brain,  
How he might do it with leaft pain :  
And pond'ring upon former Stories  
Of ancient *Romans*, and their Glories,  
*Brutus* (cries he) finish'd his Doom  
By Blade : And tho be freed not Rome,  
Yet he with Weapon made a hole  
So deep, it quickly freed his Soul :  
His Valour did all Fear so fetter,  
No Surgeon could have done it better ;

Nor

*Nor shall my Fame in this miscarry,  
But be with his Contemporary.*

This said, with three hard pulls and tugs,  
Fierce Blade from peaceful sheath he lugs ;  
For putting chape betwixt his Feet ,  
He with much ease Enfranchis'd it ;  
Tho drops of Blood condens'd to Rust ,  
Made it seem difficult at first.

Then to the Ground one end he puts ,  
Th'other — Oh dreadful ! — to his Guts :  
But feeling th' Sharp coming to nigh ,  
Wisely turns tother end, to try  
In what a Posture he must stand  
To do it with a clever hand ,  
And , Player-like , allow a space  
To push 't away , and fall with Grace :  
Which practic'd to his wish , he then  
Turns up the Mortal Point ayein.

And

And now resolves the worst to prove,  
And fall with all the force of Love:  
When see what chance Fate can afford,  
For looking down he spies a Cord,  
That negligently there did lye  
Mongst Implements of Husbandry ;  
And to persue the fatal Theam,  
A Ladder pointing to a Beam :  
Which ominous and uncouth sight,  
When Opticks had inform'd the Knight,  
That Dissolution now was near ,  
Smiling with odd ungraceful Fleer ,  
*Welcome , says he , thou Line of Fate ,*  
*Thou last safe Refuge of the Great ,*  
*That canst destroy all living Matter ,*  
*And make Immortal , humane Nature ,*  
*By such an easie loving way ,*  
*Tis just as if we were at Play.*

Thou art my Destiny, by thee  
I'm freed from female Tyranny ;  
Nor shall my Veins rich Flood be spilt,  
A bloodless Death makes less the Guilt.  
And since I dare to dye, my Fame  
( Stabbing or hanging ) is the same ;  
And choaking to redress our Wrongs,  
As noble as a pass through Lungs,  
To fall Love's victime here — My Fate is.  
Therefore what matter is't which way 'tis,  
My Honour being unconfin'd,  
And dauntless bravery of Mind :  
For, as to Rob, ( that dangerous Art )  
Shews certain Symptoms of stony Heart ;  
So hanging, by another rule,  
Shews Magnanimity of Soul.

This said, the Ladder he ascends,  
 And from the Beam, to swing intends :  
 But first to purge his Conscience means,  
 And make Confession of his Sins ;  
 Quoth he, *I own before I dye*  
*My Zeal to Old Presbytery ;*  
*I tapt the Good old Cause anew ;*  
*And follow'd by a Crop-ear'd Crew ,*  
*Glean'd Treason by th' Illegal Summons*  
*Of th' Arbitrary House of Commons.*  
*I told my Brethren, like a Tony ,*  
*Tw'as ill to trust the King with Money ;*  
*Left too well lov'd be th: n should be ,*  
*And prove a greater Prince than we.*  
*Like Y——k, I took the Test , and then ;*  
*Like S——bury, turn'd Cat in Pan.*  
*Oft-times afraid my Neck would be*  
*The forfeit of my Loyalty ;*

For which, if e're it can be prov'd,  
That to Repent our Tribe was mov'd;  
Or any Treason, if with skill done,  
Our Consciences could think was ill done;  
I should be glad to ask a Pardon,  
For instant Crimes, and those that are done.  
But Heaven no such Grace affords,  
Oh Woe, Woe, Woe! — But at these words  
A dismal Voice was heard to scream  
From the hollow Corner of the Beam,  
Woo, Woo, it cry'd, like dreadful Spright:  
Which Accent, when the mounted Knight  
From's Altitudes distinctly heard,  
This second Terror doubly scar'd.  
But recollecting Courage bold,  
With thoughts on warlike Feats of old,  
What art, quoth he, that howl'st, and who,  
The Demon answer'd, Woo, Woo, Woo:

And from a dark and secret hole  
Hopt out a large Majestick Owl,  
With Eyes like Torches, and a Face  
As big as that of *Hudibras* ;  
Which when the Knight did plainly see,  
*Oh thou ungodly wretch !* quoth he ,  
*Thou living Mousetrap, pale and wan,*  
*Thou gogle-ey'd Miniature of Man.*  
*Comest thou, ill boader, to bequeath*  
*A worser Destiny than Death ?*  
*Or with design upon my Soul ?*  
*Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo,* reply'd the Owl,  
*Great Romulus, as Ancients write ,*  
*Sitting by Tyber, says the Knight ,*  
*From twice six Vultures had indeed ,*  
*An Omen that he should succeed ;*  
*But that an Owl such Pow'r should have ,*  
*I think I hardly shall believe ;*

For thy Malignant brooding here  
Fresh cause affords to my Despair ;  
Or art thou from my Genii sent,  
To teach the Lady to relent ?  
I know not but thou may'st be Charm'd,  
And tender Lover be transform'd :  
Like thee we are sad, like thee werove,  
Just like thee look when we make Love.  
Like thee to Corners dark we range,  
And to thy shape are often chang'd.  
Instead of Knights, renown'd for Slaughter,  
As thou wert once to Baker's Daughter :  
Or else in kindness art thou come,  
To hinder my intended Doom.  
If so, 'tis now too late to move ;  
How're, I thank thee for thy Love :  
For as the Valiant Romans Swords  
Were punctual Servants to their words ;

And when a Hero swore to dye,  
Would scorn to give his Oath the Lye.  
So having pass'd my word to swing,  
To fail would be an abject thing;  
And hang an A — in backward manner,  
Not like a punctual Man of Honour.

This said, he climbs to th' utmost Round,  
And to the Beam his Gullet bound;  
When giving of his Breast a thump,  
Ready to take his Mortal jump,  
~~Hold, hold,~~ a Voice was heard to say  
From out a distant Stack of Hay.  
At first with horrour th' Knight was strook,  
Thinking the Owl indeed had spoke:  
But lifting Eyes towards the place,  
He saw a Head and bearded Face,

That as he thought resembled Man,  
Which Cough'd and Spet, and thus began:

*Oh Knight of evil Faith! Oh Ninny!*

*Is then the downright Devil in ye,  
To stain your Knighthood thus, and dye,  
Against all Rules of Chivalry?*

*Think you this Shame, if known, 's a small one?  
Shall Jowler's Fate, and yours, be all one?  
And have you worn those honour'd Spurs,  
To fall at last like common Curs?*

*Has paltry Love that Frame outwitted,  
That never balkt at Crimes committed:*

*Rebell'd as oft as 't has been hang'd,  
Yet thought it hard to have been hang'd?  
And can it now resolve to dangle,  
For th' sake of Female fingle fangle?*

*Have*

Have you with manly Martial Pride  
Endur'd a Tanning like a Hide ;  
And for the Cause attaqu'd the Rabble,  
'Mongst Groves of Broomsticks formidable :  
Born drubs and blows in bloody Field,  
On Skin as tough as Ajax Shield ?  
And is your Heart so feeble grown,  
Not Proof against a Woman's frown,  
That smiles then, frowns then, smiles agen,  
Like April day, now Shine, now Rain ?  
Woman, whose Pride like Sea does rise,  
And all our Rights Monopolize ;  
That first to get Lives, Nature gave,  
Not to take from us those we have ,  
And should, were we not fool'd by Beauty ,  
Be taught to serve and know their Duty.  
A Mighty Prince is fam'd in Stories ,  
That long had doted on a Chloris ;

Who

*Who kept him up from glorious War,  
To make inglorious Fights with her.*

*At last reflecting on the matter,  
And hearing th' Nobles Murmur at her,  
One day in publick presence stopt her,  
And by the Head with Falchion lopt her,  
Saying, I nobly now remove  
Dishonour, and what caus'd it, Love.  
This Story, Sir, in proper place,  
May be alluded to your Case;  
For rather than do thing so common,  
As be suspended for a Woman,  
That is my Love and Valours due  
By Hero's Law, — Were I as you,  
I'de be reveng'd on white-fac'd Elf,  
And sooner hang her than myself.*

*Wha*

What Ballads will the Tories sing,  
When they shall hear how you did swing?  
And to what damn'd confounded Tunes,  
Shall we be plagu'd with their Lampoons?  
Though the hanging's not so bad a feat,  
As the Infamy comes after it;  
As Robbery would be no fault,  
Were we not punish'd when we're caught.  
Where is there one like you, that saw  
And past so many storms of Law?  
Were you not condemn'd at Ware,  
For taking up a Farmer's Mare?  
When Oath was made you hugg'd and kist her,  
And us'd her like a zealous Sister;  
Yet did the Jury wrest the Laws,  
You being a Member of the Cause,  
And call'd the Perjury no other  
Than pious Zeal to save a Brother.

A second

---

*A second and a third time too,  
This dog-like Fate has been your due,  
Had not propitious Fortune sway'd,  
And from the danger you convey'd.  
And now upon this slight occasion,  
To make upon your self Invasion,  
Instead of Towns where Plunder lies,  
Take your own Castle by surprize;  
For you your self to act Squire Dun,  
Such Ignominy ne're saw the Sun.*

*But pardon, if ye are such a Tony,  
To pine for Wormwood Matrimony;  
If like our Lovers in Romances,  
They're plagu'd with Dreams, and fleeting Fancies;  
When midst the Joys that Love infuses,  
Phillis ne're gets, tho Damon loses,  
And cannot prop the tottering Nation,  
'Till deeds are done of Generation.*

*Dis-*

---

*Dismount your wooden Courser straight,  
Then to Advice incline your Pate ;  
And if I do not shew a way  
To make her your Commands obey ;  
If she don't listen to your Fiddle,  
And follow ye as Thread does Needle ;  
Nay kiss ye, hug ye, and Adore ye ,  
Within a Week then I'le hang for ye.*

At this the Knight did silence break ,  
First taking th' Cord from off his Neck ,  
Well pleas'd to hear that chearful noise ,  
Which now he knew was *Ralpho*'s Voice ;  
Who as Fate order'd sleeping lay  
Upon a Bundle of fresh Hay :  
Yet to pursue the Humour on ,  
Begun this Counterfeiting Moan .

*Is there, ye Powers, no Station free ?  
No place of Rest for Misery ?  
Unlucky Squire ! hadst thou been gone,  
My business had e're this been done,  
And I throng'd with Seraphick Loves,  
In Sacred and Immortal Groves.*

*For Heavens sake, quoth the Squire, Sir Knight,  
Once in your life-time be in th' right ;  
And let me (though perhaps unsit  
To fight your battels) teach you Wit.  
He that admires yon Azure Skies,  
And longs to taste Eternal Joys.  
E're Nature half his thread has Wove,  
Is like that Niggardly damn'd Oaf ;  
That having Gold and Jewels store,  
Leapt into th' Sea to dive for more ;  
And so, like Esop's Dog, was crost ;  
Who snatching shadows, substance lost :      Es-*

Besides, I fear he that should scan  
Your inward, and your outward Man ;  
Examine your offences Rife,  
And weigh the Actions of your life,  
Would find you are, for all your Jokes,  
Unfit for Heaven as other folks.  
But from the Brethren I believe  
You learnt this Custom to deceive ;  
Who, to be thought devoutly given,  
Do always wish themselves in Heaven ;  
When for all the Saints and Angels there.  
They had rather be with Sister here,  
And only use that Canting Notion,  
As proper to their feign'd Devotion.  
There is a Tale, whose Moral's good,  
Of an Old man, that gathering Wood,  
Grown sick with Age, and out of breath,  
Sat down upon't, and wisht for Death.

Death

Death straight appearing, cry'd, I'me here,  
And come to end thy Mortal Care.

He seeing Monsieur Bloody-bone,  
And that there was no way but one ;  
Shaking through fear, now ten times more  
Than e're he did for Age before,  
Cry'd, Sir, your help I only lack  
To lift my Wood upon my back.

Friend, quoth the Knight, this simile,  
Though good, can ne're allude to me ;  
And thou these Figures dost Commence,  
Only to cloak thy Ragged fence ;  
Else why this Story in this place,  
Whose purport's nothing to my Case ;  
At least so little, that I doubt  
I've hardly brains to find it out :

Like bellowing Fryer, that when he preaches,  
Religion in cramp Latin teaches,  
And mouths it with conceited Passion,  
To amuse the Ignorant Congregation,  
With Rhetorick, and specious Stories,  
Fine Shams, and pleasing Allegories;  
Roves wide, and schools the Female Sex,  
Till he has quite forgot his Text.

So hast thou rang'd about, to bring  
A Tale that's nothing to the thing;  
Set in the Banter made more flaws  
Than Lawyers, when they thrash a Cause:  
For when did I exclaim for Death,  
For being old, or out of breath,  
For Sickness sake make such a motion,  
Or case of Conscience, or Devotion?  
Is not Despair in Loves Intrezzo,  
Of greater moment than an Ague?

D

Or

Or can the Tooth-ach e're compare  
With th' Heart-ach for a wealthy Fair ?  
And tho I should from Beam turn over ,  
And shew Example of true Lover ,  
Yet for a less cause so to dye ,  
I think there's little reason why .

Quoth Ralph , You have much cause to know ,  
When it is fit to dye , and how ;  
Yet those that saw you in that place ,  
Would guess y' had very little Grace :  
But for that a valiant Knight should swing ,  
Take Pet , and dye like Dog in string ,  
For Widow , a stanch cunning Dame ,  
Not to be got by Love , but Sham ;  
That likes not those that most admire her ,  
But those that at her own tricks tire her .

Like

Like Salmons, that with Line and Hook  
Are wearied first, and then are took ;  
That he in Death his Love should quench,  
When I can help him to the Wench ;  
Nay, all her Wards and Passes break,  
Or else I'le forfet here — my Neck ;  
Must be th' Effect of Melancholy,  
Or brainless Presbyterian Folly.

Quoth Hudibras, Now by my Sword,  
Bold Squire, I take thee at thy word ;  
Thy Thesis here I do insist on,  
And therefore now take care that 'tis done :  
For shoulst thou fail, I swear by Mars,  
By th' Moon, and my propitious Stars,  
Nay, by my now expected Marriage,  
Thy Head shall answer the miscarriage.

*Hold, hold, quoth Ralpho, good Sir Knight,  
First let us settle all things right,  
My Head's not such a thing of no worth,  
'Tis to be sham'd away, and so forth,  
And by a threatening be effected,  
Like his that the Black Box expected.  
There's yet to be a small Harangue,  
A word or two before I hang ;  
And tho I promis'd you her Heart,  
'Tw as not except you did your part.  
I like a Tool do idle stand,  
Without the Workman's helping hand :  
For as a Christian Merchant drew,  
And seal'd a Bond once to a Jew,  
A Pound of Flesh shoud th' Forfeit pay,  
If he did fail, and break his Day :  
Which happening, and th' Infidel  
To weigh the Flesh had fetcht a Scale,*

*The Merchant cries, your Bond is good  
For Flesh, but not one drop of Blood;  
If thou spill'st that, thou murder'st me,  
And then the Law takes hold on thee.*

*So tho this friendly Oath I made,  
I did not say without your Aid.*

*A Pound of Flesh I gave, 'tis true,  
But the Life Blood still lies in you,  
You must the Matrimony teach her,  
Tho I perform the Pimp to fetch her,  
And do your best to make her joyn,  
Or else your Head's as due as mine:  
But if you'l calmly take advice,  
And be by my Example, wise,  
Aiding the trick with best endeavour,  
I once more promise, you shall have her.*

Take there my Hand, quoth Hudibras,  
Descending with an awker'd Grace,  
My Hand the Earnest of my Heart,  
That I'le not fail to do my part ;  
And tho our last Efforts were vain,  
For all the Wisdom of thy Brain,  
Yet I have now especial hope  
Thou'l do't, for fear of fatal Rope,  
Thy Judgment I'le insist upon,  
And banish for a while my own.  
And as some valiant Knights of late,  
That were in Love unfortunate,  
Have (seeking there attractive Plackets)  
For Frolick worn their Footmen's Jackets ;  
And sometimes to their Wits given place,  
Their own being lost, or out of case ;  
So I thy fense will now persue,  
And think I but receive my due :

For

For if I Wages give my Squire,  
His Head as well as Heels I hire,  
And have no doubt, as th' Law maintains,  
Substantial Title to his Brains.

Then speak bold Wight, and may thy Wit,  
Like Cato's, Fame Immortal get;  
For I have argu'd long, and fought,  
And yet at last have nothing got,  
But frowning Scorns, and smarting Flaws,  
From her, and for the Good old Cause,

That Good old Cause, that trick for Money;  
Quoth Ralpho, has Sir Knight undone ye.  
'Twas by your sneaking starcht behaviour,  
You lost all Titles to her Favour;  
For as to th' Loyal, and the Brave,  
The more you look Reform'd and Grave,  
The more your Deeds are thought amiss,  
More noted your Hipocrisie's.

---

So here the more you strove t' improve  
The Cause, the less you won her Love ;  
The more your Hat hung o're your Face,  
The less she still approv'd your Grace ;  
And when you would fight o're, or weep,  
The Civil Wars --- in Tale — she'd sleep,  
And wittily then make appear,  
You ever took wrong Sow by th' Ear ;  
And therefore car'd not Three pence for ye,  
You being a Whig, and she a Tory.  
Besides, what Lady is not scar'd,  
Ods-heart ! at that confounded Beard !  
That Bush that grieves your Heart to los' t ,  
Where living Creatures sivarm and roost ;  
That Face now chang'd to Saffron hiew,  
Begrim'd by Dust and Nature too.  
Or can you think that bit of Band,  
Has Charm enoug' to make her fond ?

Or

Or that your threadbare Coat's enough,  
Or shapeless Gloves, with Thumbs bit off,  
E're in her Heart to gain a Place,  
Or sit Enthron'd in her good Grace?  
Or can that piece of Cloak, which now  
Just makes you like St. Martin slow,  
By careless negligence surprize,  
And steal her Heart through wond'ring Eyes?  
'T is true, in Gallantry there's Charm,  
That oft do Ladies Passions warm;  
One Spark his Mistress does subdue,  
By a pincht Foot in high-heel'd Shoe;  
Another a great Heireſs got,  
By a large dazzling Shoulaer-Knot,  
One that priz'd more Gay Pantaloons,  
Than all the Wit below the Moon;  
A third into great favour grows,  
Through the Dimensions of his Nose;

By

*By which the Victors of our Hearts  
Serenely guess our better Parts.*

*A certain Lady lov'd her Coachman,  
A brawny Fellow, born a Dutchman,  
By seeing once the hungry Thief  
Devour a large Surloin of Beef,  
And pitch the Bar by active strength,  
Beyond the rest three times his length ;  
At which she'd be much pleas'd, and laugh.  
Another Lady lov'd a Dwarf ;  
And being ask'd what fiend could move her,  
To take Sir Dumplin for a Lover ?  
Her answer was, She satisf'd  
Both Female Passions, Love and Pride,  
For when the purring Hour was gone,  
If Gallant any fault had done,  
That she design'd to be reveng'd,  
And he could merit to be swing'd :*

*Truss'd*

Truss'd on her Knee she'd briskly saw him,  
And, like Virago, clapperclaw him,  
Such trivial things Love often finds  
(By fancy sway'd) to fetter Minds;  
But that a Wight for Wit distress'd,  
Ill stor'd with Courtship, and worse drest,  
That contradicts her fair opinion,  
And yet designs to be her Minion.  
And tho in sneaking formal Habit,  
For Puss imagines to get a bit,  
That he should charm a Woman's Blood,  
The Devil's in her if he should.

Quoth Hudibras, thy Tongue will fail  
To speak, when it forgets to Rail;  
Thy Malice gets preheminence,  
And soon o'reflows thy creeping sense.

And

And as Attorney dull, that uses  
To fall from Arguing to Abuses,  
Thou leav'st my weighty Cause to scan,  
To rally on my outward Man,  
And no Redress or Counsel's heard,  
By fooling with my Band and Beard,  
As if my Parts were less Serene,  
Because my Garments are but mean;  
Or that Diogenes's Soul  
Were th' baser, 'cause his Shirt was foul.  
Most precious Jewels oft are worn  
In threadbare Cases, old and torn;  
Nay, th' Soul it self, that's richer far  
Than all the brightest Jewels are,  
As most o'th' wisest Elders say,  
Has but a Casket form'd of Clay;  
And as to my Opinion — Fool,  
Know, th' Brethren hold this for a Rule,  
That

That Interest does the matter frame,  
Religion's but a taking Name ;  
'Tis our Leaf Gold that hides the ill,  
And guilds the Poyson of our Pill :  
When a Phanatick Cheat's found out,  
Observe he always turns Devout ,  
Prays daily, and with Pious flam  
Conceals the blackness of his Shame :  
So wanton Girls too hot to tarry ,  
Do th' trick, and then to hide it — Marry.  
Therefore if that Create thy fear ,  
Take Courage, for Ple make't appear ,  
Religion for our ends we use ,  
As those that want, do wealthy Jews.

Quoth Ralph , This generous explaining,  
Sir Knight, is better much than feigning ;

For

For what would Canting signify,  
To one that has found out the Lye?  
'Tis halting just before a Cripple,  
And teaching Faction to the People,  
And you much less are found Aggressor,  
So much the more you are Confessor.  
Therefore the business to pursue,  
That I may be as plain with you,  
See but these three Injunctions done,  
Then boldly say, the Lady's won.  
First, off with that superfluous Hair,  
And in its stead Heart-breakers wear;  
That Beard, the rugged Type of War,  
Let it be shav'd and Chin be bare;  
For though a sturdy Soldier known  
For daring Acts in Forty One,  
Loyal and Valiant fam'd in both,  
Once took a rash, tho honest Oath,

"No

"No Razor e're should touch his Chin,  
"Or mow a Hair 'till th' King came in:  
I hope you have not sworn the same,  
Until you should achieve the Dame:  
She would be frightened, for you wear  
A Cupid dreadful as a Bear.

When have you e're in Picture seen  
The God of Love, with Bearded Chin;  
Or with that Ornamental Grace,  
To deck the Finis of his Face.

The Ancients paint him like a Child,  
Young, soft, smooth, beautiful, and wild,  
To shew he cannot be confin'd,  
And there's no Prison for the Mind;  
But to change him into reverend Genus,  
Is to make Saturn of a Venus.

In th' second place, Hem — hem — I say.  
But here his Brains being out o'th' way,

The

The Squire bogled for Conception,  
To give our *Hero* more direction :  
His Ancestor's *Laconick* Soul  
Had charm'd the inside of his Pole ;  
And dulness, as his proper place,  
Took legal Seizure of his Face ;  
Until with three large Hums and Ha's,  
The Rubbing-Brush o'th canting Cause ,  
By which the Saints themselves express ,  
And scrub up their Remembrances ;  
He freed himself from stupid Yoke  
Of fetter'd Fancy — and thus spoke.

Quoth he, *You must in th' second place*  
*Unstrip from out that ragged Case ;*  
*Those Leathern Breeches too must soon*  
*Be turn'd into gay Pantaloons ,*

*And*

And that small Band of low Degree,  
Into Cravat of Point-venee;  
That reverend Stole begrim'd with Dirt,  
Must off, and in its stead a Shirt  
Of Holland, Cambrick, or fine Lawn,  
Must shrowd the Bum's Heroick Brawn.

Clean Linnen is a gentle mover  
Of Passion, and a Friend to Lover,  
Renders the Person neat and grateful,  
That would on th' contrary be hateful.

This makes the plump young Lady play  
The Huswife, and shift twice a day;  
When blooming Youth, and wanton Heat,  
And Love and Summer make her sweat,  
And the Soul's Aromatick Store  
Sheds balmy Dews from every Pore,  
At least as we that Love imagine,  
When our fond Hearts are caught in a Gin.

Thirdly, to win the slippery Dame,  
Sir, you must wheedle, lye, and sham,  
" For Widows, like a Sharpers bets,  
" Are got by Shuffling and Cheats.

Wriggle your self into th' acquaintance,  
( The better to defend the main-chance )  
Of her Kinsmen, Overseers, and Trustees,  
They ten to one will do you Justice;  
For the only sure way to defeat her,  
That is, in down-right terms to Cheat her,  
Is to trapan with Golden Bribe,  
The Consciences of all that Tribe,  
Who still are fittest to procure,  
And Pimp for such as come to Woo her.

"Mongst those her Husband did appoint her,  
To make accompt for Lands and Jointure,

# CANTO I.

51

Two City Patriots are nam'd,  
And in our modern Stories fam'd,  
Who to purge the Town, have undertook,  
Of Pope, and French, and K— and D—  
And set their Zealous Brethren free  
From haughty Clogs of Monarchy :  
The one Squire Stalliano hight ,  
That lately might have been a Knight ,  
Had he lov'd Honour, that Camelion ,  
More than Sedition, and Rebellion :  
But he was of your constant biew ,  
Old Forty one Fanatick Blew ;  
Tho' modern Statists now are seen ,  
To change the Colour into Green ;  
A secret and implicite Type ,  
That their Brains Projects are not ripe ,  
And will no honour'd Title take ,  
But from a Prince himself shall make .

E 2

*As to his Person, 'tis like Hectors,  
Burly and large, as the Protector's,  
Whom he with Pride does imitate,  
And hopes to reach his sparing Fate,  
When Whigs, like Wasps, shall once more seize  
The Honey of the Loyal Bees,  
He's one Abjur'd the Royal Race,  
And there's a Story writ in's Face  
Of all the Villanies that Man  
E're acted since the World began.*

*His half-shut Eyes were never seen  
To look abroad since th' King came in,  
But blink, as if they could not see  
In th' Sunshine of a Monarchy.*

*So have I seen a purblind Owl  
All day sit lurking in a hole,  
Plotting, like th' Saints, for Commonweal,  
Dull as their Wit, blind as their Zeal,*

*And*

And never ope his Sancer Eyes ,  
'Till night does all the World surprize ;  
But then with shreeks from hollow Breast ,  
He robs the People of their Rest ,  
And seizes with more ease his Prey ,  
Than if it were in th' brightest day .  
By Fortune favour'd , th' lowring Novice  
Was made a potent Knaue in Office ,  
Strong , opulent , and formidable ,  
Raiz'd up , and back'd by nasty Rabble ,  
Who threw up greasie Gloves and Caps ,  
And open'd wide their bawling Chaps ,  
To Chuse one that the Crowd could swell  
With proper Tenets to Rebel :  
Learn'd in Law he was , and famous ,  
Profoundly skill'd in Ignoramus ;  
Could Consciencious Juries pack ,  
And tye the Foreman to the Stake ,

Teach him to vault, come over th' Stick,  
And as he winkt, make Spaniel speak;  
Black fate's Commisioner he liv'd,  
And like her by Confusion thriv'd;  
Hung, drew, and quarter'd Folks for Sin,  
And spar'd, and sav'd, as Pence came in,  
Lopt by the head offending Peers,  
Not giving time to say their Prayers,  
Made quick dispatch of all were brought,  
That were, or were not in the Plot,  
And with the Hangman went a snack  
In all the Money he did take  
From Traytors, Priests, or Knights of Roads,  
Cheats, Burglarers, or Whores and Bawds,  
'Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,  
And in his Profits much abus'd.  
In open Hall the Tribune dun'd  
To do his Office, or refund.

In publick Matters, every hour  
 He gave Men cause to know his Pow'r ;  
 Oft through the Streets, like \* Stephen, <sup>\*Corn-  
cutter.</sup> rid,  
 Butter to weigh, and Loaves of Bread :  
 And that he might be sure to right  
 Himself, if any wanted weight,  
 He'd send it, not where th' Law allows,  
 To th' City Gaol, but to his House,  
 Not to relieve the starving Rabble,  
 But to help out his starving Table :  
 Thus making Proverb aptly come,  
 That Charity begins at home.

The tother ( to give both their due )  
 Is the most famous of the two ,  
 And with more Demons is possest ,  
 Tho cloath'd in th' Caffock of a Priest .

Doctoro, stil'd in S——  
But here stands in the noted Rank  
Of those, that to their lasting Fames  
Have no Religion, nor no Names.  
By Chymist Nature he was drawn  
From Rebel Anabaptist Brawn,  
And wisely to himself was Donor,  
Of Name, and also Stile of Honour;  
As late a Judge affirm'd to right us,  
No Doctor, Gentleman, nor T——  
" For if that Sect, as plain appears,  
Are often their own Godfathers,  
" As plainly 'tis suppos'd, that he  
" Gave himself Baptism, and Degree;  
He all Religions has profest,  
" No doubt 't inform him which was best,  
And been as nicely true to all,  
" As to his Landlord of Whitehall.

Some-

Sometimes he's Orthodox — then Papist,  
Now Whig — and then as oft an Atheist;  
Can Curse ye, God confound 'em all,  
As loud as any Roarer shall,  
Each pious Sect for Gain can use,  
Or shift it as he does his Shoes;  
And if it chance to go awry,  
Can change, or else can lay it by.

Kind Nature has, to teach him Grace,  
Painted a Blush upon his Face,  
As if she were sham'd to know  
The Mischief's that he prompts her to:  
Nay more, to place her Favour high,  
In Mystick Phisyognomy.  
“ His Mouth she fixt with curious Hand,  
“ Where other people's Noses stand.

Just

“ Just by his Eyes with studious Care,  
“ That he might see what he does swear ;  
“ Yet runs he blund’ring wrong or right,  
“ As heartless Cowards wink and fight.

Of Oaths he has upon occasion,  
A Store-house to oblige the Nation.

’Mongst Knights o’th’ Post was still renown’d,  
He all their Acts with Conduct crown’d,  
Secur’d their Ears, shuffled and cut,  
Svore People into Plots, and out ;  
Perjur’d himself, or else refrain’d,  
Just as the Demon in him reign’d.

“ Once did a good thing ’gainst his Will,  
“ But for it since a thousand ill.

And as for th’ Churches Interests,  
(And Royal Pay) he routed Priests ;  
So when the Bounty was restrain’d,  
And Golden Showers no longer rain’d,

He told the Senate many a Lye  
Of Priests, t' exalt Presbytery,  
And falsehoods blacker than his Coat is,  
Were seal'd with Verbo Sacerdotis.

For Pride, he does surpass all Comers,  
Nay, all his Brethren at St. Omers,  
And held it an unfitting thing  
To veil his Cap, tho to the King;  
But to all Noblemen and Peers  
He scorn'd, altho they put off theirs.  
He call'd the painful Clergy, Rats  
Of low and despicable Fates,  
And often plagu'd their Ears with noise,  
From Canting, Squeaking, Bagpipe voice,  
To prove their preaching, or their hearing,  
Ne're profits like Emphatick Swearing,

He

He

He covets to be fil'd the Pater  
Patriæ, or at least Salvator ;  
Vows to his lasting Fame, not long since  
He sav'd the Town through Case of Conscience.  
And now altho he sav'd their Souls,  
They wish him hang'd as high as Paul's.  
A most ungrateful thing, I vow,  
" Were all his Depositions true !  
But as fly Synoix once lookt honest,  
And yet was found a Villain soonest,  
For all his Tears, and Oaths, and Tricks,  
Betray'd Old Illium to the Greeks ;  
So our Doctore, with Cloapate Faction,  
Gull'd by his Shams, and close Transaction,  
His Arguments, and Senseless Babble,  
With which he Bald-rno's the Rabble ;  
With groundless Fears distract's the Town,  
For Rebels Interests, and his own,

And only roots out Romish Prigs,  
The sooner to get in the Whigs.

These two, to make her Fame the greater,  
Her Husband did intrust to cheat her,  
As if he, Prophet-like, discover'd,  
That you should be the second Lover.

Nice Honesty you must corrupt,  
But not with open Bribe abrupt,  
But clean conveyance into Fist  
A hundred Guinneys is the least;  
" For Money, as our Elders say,  
" Is Matrimony's Captain Key,  
" That maugre all the Bars beside,  
" Opens the Padlock of the Bride:  
What mighty Actions Gold has done,  
Or what, but Heaven, has it not won?

The

*The Hero's Sword, the Lawyer's Art ,  
The Poet's Brains, the Ladies Heart ,  
Made Reverend Judges speak with awe ,  
And a bad Title good in Law ;  
Wrested even Nature by main force ,  
Like Streams to run a backward Course ;  
Made Zealous Saints of hair-brain'd Letchers ,  
And Sons of Aretine turn Preachers ,  
And will as soon seduce these Trustees ,  
As ever Turkey-Pie did Justice .  
Therefore with speed your self apply ,  
These are the marks to know them by :  
The first, by his purple-colour'd Train ,  
His Foot-men, Horse, and Copper Chain :  
The tother, by his quadrant Face ,  
And three starv'd Bullies at his A —*

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'The Devil will have thee,  
'Nor can the Churches Interest save thee ;  
'For these malicious wicked Rants ,  
'And slanderous Libelling the Saints :  
'Like poysonous Snakes in fragrant Bowers ,  
'Thou shedst thy Venom on those Flowers ,  
'That often a kind Umbrage made ,  
'Cool'd and refresh'd thee with their shade.  
'Have not *Stalliano*, and the Doctor, (smok't her ,  
'Sav'd th' Town from Villains , would have  
'Plunder'd and massacred the City ,  
'Slain Wives and Matrons without pity ,  
'Plagu'd us with many a wanton freak ,  
'And put our Virgins to the squeak ,  
'Rifled their Treasures several ways ,  
'Well stor'd with Nature's Picklock Keys ?  
'And can we be such base Detractors ,  
'To vilifie our Benefactors ,

And

‘ And term them Profligate and Lewd,  
‘ Have done the Nation so much good ?  
‘ What tho *Stalliano*, for the health  
‘ Of *England*, broach’t a Commonwealth,  
‘ What tho he fought against the King,  
‘ ’Twas with design to bring him in.  
‘ He with a prosperous Defeat  
‘ Routed his Troops, to make him Great,  
‘ And made rebellious Crowds reveal  
‘ His Indefatigable Zeal.  
‘ And what if Learn’d *Doctoro* has,  
‘ To nerve and support the Cause,  
‘ Rais’d doubts and fears, swore true or false,  
‘ Just as the Brotherhood prevails.  
“ What if he once was Evidence  
“ For th’ King, and for the Prisoner since,  
‘ And rail’d at these whom Conscience try’d,  
‘ Because they were not of his side.

• All

'All must, (that know how he's endow'd )  
'Believe 'twas for the Nations good :  
'For as a wise expert Physitian,  
'To fest'ring wound makes deep incision,  
'And by that dangerous way does heal  
'A wound, which else would ne're be well ;  
'So he that knew the Constitution  
'Of the City, and its grand pollution ,  
'No better Medicine could devise  
'Than wholesome *Perjury* and *Lyes*.

' In Arguments there are no Rules,  
Quoth *Ralph*, ' with Mad-men or with Fools ;  
' For one confounds with want of Sence,  
' And t'other with Impertinence ;  
' And though your honour'd knightly spurs  
From downright folly you prefers ,

‘ Yet all that hear what you have said ,  
‘ By G — must think you drunk or mad :  
‘ For would a Man that’s well in’s wits ,  
‘ And is not Lunatick by fits ,  
‘ Argue for Villains, Fiends of Hell ,  
‘ *(For all are such that would rebel)*  
‘ And yet run down the Royal Party ,  
‘ Though true and firm as *Magna Charta* :  
‘ Besides , I fain would understand ,  
‘ What’s this to th’ business now in hand ?  
‘ Will your applauding Bully-rock ,  
‘ E’re get the Widow by the Smock ?  
‘ Will searching what the Nation suffers ,  
‘ Procure you e’re to search her Coffers !  
‘ Can you by giving them their due ,  
‘ Engage them both to Pimp for you ?  
‘ Or will your lies, though enough to scare one ,  
‘ Make her come under *Covert-barron* ?

‘ If

'If so, your fense I will obey ;  
'If not, then mines the better way ;  
'And must, when all your Topiques fail,  
'In spite of Arguments prevail ;  
'A freindly bribe, Sir, still affords  
'Much greater influence than words,  
'Tho Rhetorick speaks with ne're such skill ;  
'Money's the smoother Language still ;  
'And at the last must act your Part out,  
'Flatter and Cogg and lie your heart out.  
'When Poems are to Patron sent,  
'Who sends back only Complement,  
'Does not the Author grudge his Wit,  
'And wish his Lordship were be-sh —  
'Or does a Lawyer e're agree  
'For an Applause t' excuse his Fee ?  
'Desert pecuniary hope  
'For a fine figure or a Trope,  
F 2  
And

‘ And that he’s well contented, answer ye,  
‘ For a long tedious Bill in Chancery ?  
‘ You’ll find his liking more exprest  
‘ Clap but ten peices in his Fist ;  
‘ And that your gold hath greater force  
‘ Than all your flourishing discourse.

‘ Once more then, lest success be wanting,  
‘ Let me advise you leave your Canting,  
‘ And now occasion shows you her top,  
‘ Advance, and take her by the fore-top.  
‘ The Motto of the Duke *D’ Alva*  
‘ In war, was *Post Occasio Calva* ;  
‘ Inferring, that no good could come on’t ,  
‘ If he once lost the happy moment :  
‘ And the same *Crisis* still is known,  
‘ To rule o’re Love as o’re Renown.

‘Rowze then, Sir Knight, and take advice,  
‘And without more demurs be wise;  
‘Or else I swear by yonder pole,  
‘Nay by my fathers Rurall soul,  
‘Henceforth to take a rougher course,  
‘And, what you would demur, to force.  
‘Despair and prove the Village Scoff,  
‘And hang or draw, all’s one to *Ralph*.

When *Hudibras* this Threat’ning heard,  
And saw the Squires gloomy beard  
Wet with the Argumental froth,  
That deckt the outside of his mouth,  
His ferret Eyes look red with passion,  
To hear his groundless disputation,  
He thought it was no prudent Trick,  
To touch his fury to the quick;

But cool and settle all things right,  
As Bullies do to those will fight :  
Besides, he oft had heard a rumour ,  
Of *Ralph*'s blunt and sturdy humour ,  
And knowing 'twas ill time to jest  
With tough Battoon and tougher Fist ,  
He wisely now agrees to do  
What e're the Squire should prompt him to ;  
Not that he valued his haranging ,  
But through a prudent fear of banging ;  
For *Ralph* , tho not us'd to vapour ,  
Yet now resolv'd to make it appear ,  
That Cowards , when their bloods are up ,  
Are stout , as Captains of a Troop .

There dwelt a Wight near end of Town ,  
That far and near atcheiv'd Renown

For

For strange mysterious Art in Stitches ,  
And framing Heroes Coats and Breeches :  
He, with hair tuckt behind his Ears ,  
Made Ermin Robes for *Noble Peers* ;  
And out of Woollen Manufacture  
Could make a *Clown* look like a *Hector* ;  
By Garb, make fools thought men of sence ,  
Like Parrots Gay, or *German Prince* ,  
And win unthinking Ladies hearts ,  
Charm'd by his fine External Parts ;  
From Gawdy scraps of *Weaver's Loom*  
Make Worth and great Perfection come ;  
Whose influence has oft prevail'd  
O're Womens hearts, when Wit has fail'd ;  
Weilding a Weapon one Inch long ,  
And tuning scraps of Ancient Song ,  
He wonderfully could provide  
To adorn a Bridegroom or a Bride :

From tatter'd Gull, raise doughty Squire',  
Whom those that scorn'd before, admire ;  
And of a course ungainly flattern,  
Create a most accomplit Matron :  
A man of mighty Faith and Trust,  
To Honour and to Interest Just ;  
And ( as it often has appear'd )  
In Court and City lov'd and fear'd ;  
Lov'd, when the promises were made ;  
But fear'd, when debts came to be paid :  
Valliant as *Hawkwood* when he liv'd,  
And some say from his Race deriv'd ;  
And though his Ancestors of yore,  
Were famous for the drubbs they bore  
In bloody wars, both back and side,  
By which their courages were tryd ,  
Yet all must on his side Confess,  
None had more batter'd been in peace ;

Witnes

Witness fore finger daily prickt  
By Engine small, and backside kickt  
By Bullys flustred with ill Wine,  
That neither Conscience had, nor Coyn ;  
Yet none his Wit could cavil at,  
Nor baffle his contriving pate :  
Arithmetick, his cheif delight ,  
Taught him both how t' accompt and write ,  
And none like him had e're the skill  
To etch and lengthen out a Bill ,  
By fly misplacing Cyphers round  
He'd make ten Shillings be ten Pound,  
Dashes for figures paſſ, and blotts  
For Nine pence, Sixpences and groats :  
He'd often write one thing on th' Top ,  
And the same at bottom to fill up ,  
One line for thread and silk was read,  
Another straight for silk and thread ,

Nor

Nor could the careless debtor see  
The Mystical Tautologie.

To this rare Man, *Botchero* hight,  
*Ralphe* was sent by Love-sick Knight,  
To ask Advice and Councel sage  
About his Wooing Equipage;  
Who finds him close in little Cloyster,  
In Cross-leg'd Mathematick posture,  
Musing upon th' unhappy fate  
Of an old Doublet, that of late  
Belong'd to valiant Cavalier,  
But now the brunts of many a year,  
And Age had most unfreindly griev'd,  
And rudely torn away a sleeve.

Sir, says the Squire, *I'm come to Town*—  
*Thankee*, says tother, *Pray sit down.*

*I'm*

*I'm come, I say, t' implore your skill  
To help my Master —— That I will,  
Cries he. But (quoth the Squire) just now  
T' must be, or else you nothing do;  
Post hast, e're you can say, What's this?  
By G—— quoth he e're you can piß —  
Reach me my Shoos within there, hoa!  
Which buckled, straight away they go,  
To measure Corps of tatter'd Knight,  
And dres him for the Amorous fight.*

*And now seven times the Sun, that fool,  
Had put on Coat to go to School,  
As oft comb'd Carrot Pate, and Whinny  
Fetcht from the Stable worth a Guinny:  
And seven times had the bafled light  
Fled the Queen Regeant of the night,*

Who

Who revell'd with her glittering fry  
In the broad Chambers of the sky.  
In plainer terms, a week was past  
E're *Hudibras* for all his hast  
Could be accoutered, to persue  
His Love, and decently to woo :  
But then, like Summer, he appear'd,  
Or Rose new blown ; face void of beard,  
Stockings with Garters, Shoos with Sole,  
And Christian breeches without hole :  
In breif, so much disguis'd, you'd swear,  
Art got the best of Nature here ,  
And Reason could not conquest gain ,  
But Garb and Fashion made the man.  
No sooner was the Hero drest ,  
But storming th' outside of his beast ,  
To the Trustees, with Lovers speed ,  
And hopes of thriving well, he rid ,

And

And finds 'em with their factious fellows,  
Setling the Nation in an Alehouse.

Whom, (with a solemn scrape of foot,  
And look demure,) having call'd out,  
With sober grace fit for th' occasion,  
He makes 'em privy to his passion,  
Tells 'em, *that Love has long possest*  
*The batter'd Castle of his breast*;  
Protests, *'tis not the Widows Riches,*  
*But Person, that his heart bewitches*;  
*And since between 'em there's such distance,*  
*Humbly desires their assistance.*

Sir (says *Doctoro*.—) But the knight,  
Knowing some dogs 'till muzzled bite,  
And fearing th' end of his discourse,  
Thought his best refuge was his Purse,  
And therefore to avert the *Thesis*,  
Guilded his Palm with fifty pieces,

Which

Which did so close and neatly come,  
Mouth was shut up, the Priest was dumb.  
To *Stallian* — too the same was given,  
To keep their Countenances even —  
And now there is no more to do,  
But when to Wed, and when to Woo ;  
Each promises th' affair to settle,  
And give him right to her and Chattle,  
Inform him without trick or Cheat  
The punctual Truth of her Estate :  
For as the Tutor to an Heir,  
Can by his diligence and care  
Make him in Excellence surpass,  
Or by his negligence, an Ass ;  
So your Trustees and Overseers,  
The Widows Scizzers, and the Sheers  
That snip her Mouldering Estate,  
And Courtail second Wooers Fate,

As

As honesty does hint, can set  
The Adventurer in or out of debt,  
Help him to find a Fortnight after  
A wealthy Bride, or *Catch a Tarter.*

With some such Plots their brains did beat,  
And now grown pregnant with the Cheat,  
They smile to see the Knight so addle,  
And bid the Maid, *fetch t'other Bottle:*  
Where we will leave 'em for a space,  
To look into the Widows *Cafe*,  
And find, when Love and Interest vary,  
What other cause can make 'em Marry.

Her Husband had not given up Ghost  
Above a Fortnight, at the most,  
But like true Woman, she began  
To think upon another Man,  
And

And knowing youth could not be kept,  
And Grain would spoil not duly reapt,  
Permits her Will and Veins to agree  
With Natural Necessity.

The Trustees too, that watcht her Motions,  
Much closer than their own devotions ,  
‘ Like dogs that hunt about a Crowd  
‘ The spotted Bitch that’s growing proud,  
Resolv’d to try the happy minute,  
And since the Fort’s unguarded, win it :  
Which after a short day or two,  
They found not difficult to do ;  
For she first having made ’em swear  
The secret never to declare,  
Bound ’em to be a shield between  
The publique scandal and the sin ,  
Freely on both her favours plac’t ,  
And both at equal turns Embrac’t :

---

Now *Stalliano*, now the *Doctor*,  
As oft as flowing blood provok't her.  
Nor was this Act precipitate,  
But prudent and deliberate ;  
She knew her Constitution well,  
With all the passions that rebell ;  
Found by some motions in her Eyes,  
One single friend could not suffice ;  
And that she greater Joy should know,  
By having two strings to her Bow.

Long had this close falacious League,  
This Modish Tripartite Intrigue,  
Conceal'd it self from Common Eyes,  
Had not lewd Belly 'gan to rise,  
And fwell above its fellow Parts,  
Infected by venerial Arts :

For the plump Squire had so kiss'd her,  
And the *Cassock Merchant* so Caress'd her,  
That Nature from them both had drawn  
A Mass of *Presbyterian Spawn*.

And between haunches, Mountain-bigg,  
New moulded a young Moon calf *Whigg* ;  
For which, they different hopes did gather,  
And each himself imagin'd father,  
Till they, by Arguing, did descry  
They both had fingers in the Pye.

So have I known in modern Age  
A wretch to two her self Ingage,  
And leave the man she first carest  
To be by a second lewdly kist :  
For her sake, the whole sex be curst,  
Man's torment, and of Ills the worst ;

For

For never a Saint had sweeter face,  
Serener Look, or Modest Grace ;  
Or seem'd more Innocent or Civil,  
Angel without, within a Devil ;  
Yet hold—oh pardon me, ye few  
Chaste Beauties, Innocent and true ;  
You that your Constant flames improve,  
To bless the happy Man you love :  
For your sakes I could rage far worse,  
And to my self convert the Curse,  
Did not my fence this truth pursue,  
That y'are so very, very few,  
That Phænix-like in distant clime,  
Scarce more than one's seen at a time.

But to proceed.—The Squire and Priest  
Being of the Widow both possess't,

And knowing Wranglings and Fewd  
Would to the Matter do no good ,  
Resolv'd at last, with cunning spite,  
To Top her off upon the Knight,  
And make his grave Fanatick zeal  
The Balsam, wounded Fame to heal.  
No sooner had they baited hook,  
But greedily 'twas snap't and took :  
Forth' Knight unwary of the Slaughter  
In Frigot made 'twixt wind and water,  
Resolv'd to run the Marriage Course,  
And take for *better* and for *worse*.  
This in due season being declar'd,  
They next most orderly prepar'd  
The Widow to receive his visit,  
And lend a friendly Ear to his suit ;  
Who scarce had time to dress her self,  
To charm the view of amorous Elf;

But

But word was brought the Knight was come;  
 Unhorst, and entring just the room :  
 Surpriz'd with news thus unexpected,  
 She Pray'r Book snatch't, that lay neglected,  
 ( Whose use was not so much for Pocket,  
 As to fix Candels in the Socket )  
 And with it making swift retreat  
 To Elbow Chair, sits down in State.

Meant while the Knight at Parlour door  
 Bows, that his Nose just touch't the floor,  
 And ( with an Air august and grand )  
 Most humbly begs to *kiss her hand* :  
 Which she permitted with a Grumble,  
 That half exprest he was too humble:  
 So long he in that posture stood,  
 Some thought his Lips had been there glew'd,

And

And though no water from his Eyes  
Did now to show his hearts surprize ;  
Yet some affirm, that value truth,  
There fell abundance from his Mouth,  
And Nature there did much prevail,  
Though Love the 'tother did exhale.  
At last, awaking from his dream,  
And clearing of his mouth from flegm,  
First making *hem*, and Prologue Cough,  
Thus his Wit's Blunderbus went off.

‘ Madam your slave is once more come  
‘ To sound your heart, and know his doom,  
‘ Whether amongst the blest he’s nam’d,  
‘ Or like a Criminal condemn’d ;  
‘ Let your fair Eyes allow the grace  
‘ To turn their opticks on my Face ;

You’l

‘ You’ll have I hope no cause t’ explode  
‘ My Person, Method, or my Mode :  
‘ I am not now that *Hudibras*  
‘ That Monarchy once strove to rase,  
‘ He that to make a Knave a Lord  
‘ Durst live a Villain on record,  
‘ Swear ’twas the Brandish’t Sword must heal  
‘ The state, and call’d Rebellion *Zeat* ;  
‘ Nor is my Judgment now so small,  
‘ To bow before the Idoll *Baal* ;  
‘ Or in that Brutes applause to sing,  
‘ That’s ridd and manag’d against the King ;  
‘ For as Heaven’s Fountains, when they flow ,  
‘ Influence the plants, and make ’em grow ,  
‘ By sacred Mystery disperst  
‘ In spouts ore all the universe ;  
‘ So *Loyalty*, by your great Art,  
‘ Spread and diffus’d about my heart,

‘ Makes its dilated Power reign  
‘ O’re th’ barren Island of my Brain.  
‘ ’Tis only you could thus succeed,  
‘ You teach my Infant zeal to read,  
‘ And Capitall Letters of large dint  
‘ Distinguishing from *Geneva* Print :  
‘ By you I am regenerate ,  
‘ Transplanted to a happy state ;  
‘ And by your face, that’s like the Sun,  
‘ Or Rather like the Shining Moon ;  
‘ Your mouth that calms intestine Jarrs,  
‘ And Eyes, my most propitious Starrs ;  
‘ Charm’d from a *Whigg* in heart and soul  
‘ To *Tory* stanch from foot to Poll,  
‘ I now dare *Canting Saints* rebuke,  
‘ Drink Brimmer high to *K*—— and *D*——  
‘ Rail and confute their carnall Reason,  
‘ That for *State Politicks* talk *Treason*.

‘ In

‘ In fine, for you I durst do more  
‘ Than ever for the *Cause* before ;  
‘ Such wondrous feats can *Beauty* do,  
‘ When blest with *Love* and *Money* too.

Quoth she, *I plainly must confess*  
*Your alter'd Meen, and Sparkish dress,*  
*Has charm'd me to a kinder fit*  
*Than ere your Rhetorick did yet :*  
*You look as if y' had something in ye,*  
*Much different from the quondam Ninny,*  
*That sat with hamper'd foot in th' Stocks,*  
*Dispersing his insipid Jokes ;*  
*And had not Modesty possest*  
*With Scruples my unerring breast,*  
*And told me, she that's Wedded twice*  
*Forfeits her Credit to the Wife,*

There's

*There's something at this time would move  
My Tongue to tell ye, that I Love ;  
But Honour sways my doubtfull Mind ;  
Honour, the Soul of Woman-kind,  
That to us Widows will allow  
No Dispensation of first Vow ;  
But proves, that having once known man,  
'Tis Lust not Love Weds us aghen.*

Quoth he, 'What you call *Lust* I'le prove  
'To be the darling Child of Love,  
'And all his best Rewards does merit,  
'And lawful'ft flames do's still inherit.  
'Nay more, if once I go about it,  
'I'le prove, you can't subsist without it :  
'He that is warm'd by *Hyven*'s fire,  
'And yet no spark has of desire,

‘Is

‘ Is like one sitting at a feast  
‘ That wants ability to taste ;  
‘ She vilely does abuse the Creature,  
‘ And the worst way debauches *Nature*,  
‘ Who still design’d through Earth and Seas  
‘ All things to generate and Increase,  
‘ Which cannot be, nor never must,  
‘ Without the Aid of *Generous Lust* :  
‘ The Flowers and Plants desire the Sun,  
‘ Seas, Brooks, and Rivers, court the Moon,  
‘ The pert Cock-Sparrow bristles up  
‘ T’ enjoy his Miss on houses top,  
‘ And to give proof of ardent flame,  
‘ Each minute he renews the same ;  
‘ Till time puts end to eager chace :  
‘ *Those never live long that live a-pace.*  
‘ All Animals to Nature bow,  
‘ And consequently I and you ;

‘ Must

‘ Must mildly in that station move,  
‘ Rankt with all Creatures else that love ;  
‘ For Reason leaves us in that Case  
‘ When raptur’d Passion storms the place ;  
‘ And Brutes and Birds that love, may be  
‘ As fortunate and blest as we.

‘ *Lust* is the *Spirit* of our Youth,  
‘ The *Salt* that seasons Natures *Broth*,  
‘ In which all humane-kind have shares,  
‘ The young and those that are in years ;  
‘ Nay even in Children every hour  
‘ It gives them cause to know its power ;  
‘ The Boy of seven, just big enough  
‘ To keep his Breeches pissing proof,  
‘ Cocks hat, and imitates the Men,  
‘ To please the tiptoed Girl of Ten,

Whom

‘ Whom rudely she away does shove,  
‘ Hoping to get a bigger Love ;  
‘ And what is ’t think ye that Inspires  
‘ These hopes in her, but green desires ?  
‘ Lust is the chiefest cause of this,  
‘ Though yet she knows not what it is :  
‘ Therefore, since all it do pursue,  
‘ Why should it fail to reign in you ;  
‘ Being as proper on your score  
‘ As Sursingle or your Bandore,  
‘ Or Peak, which like a Bill is set,  
‘ To show the Shop is to be lett ?  
‘ Then let not frailty so common,  
‘ So pertinent to every Woman,  
‘ Make you believe, you reason have  
‘ To blast the hopes of your poor slave,  
‘ That swears by the Eternal Powers  
‘ To dye, or live for ever yours.

At

At this, with some few Artfull sighs,  
And turning up her whites of Eyes,  
Quoth she, *Your happy hour at last*  
*Is come, t' attone for troubles past,*  
*Nor can that Castle hold out long*  
*Where the besiegers are so strong,*  
*And with such Judgment too assai'd,*  
*I'm yours, your merit has prevail'd;*  
*But on this gentle fair condition,*  
*That I may use my disposition,*  
*And that you study still to please,*  
*Else there will be no Love nor peace:*  
*This Seal'd and granted on your part,*  
*Take here my hand, with it my heart*  
*And person, at your will t' enjoy,*  
Have, hold, posseſs, and occupy.

Who

---

Who can express the vast delight  
And eager Raptures of the Knight ?

'Twas such, that the *Entrancing bliss*  
No tongue can e're relate but his ;  
Nor tell his *Sentiments* of Joy,  
Or *Transports* of his Extasie.

In which long-wish't and happy state,  
Full of the Joyes of coming fate ;  
Wee'l leave him for a while to rest,  
And dress us for the Wedding feast ;  
Where how his friends and he succeed,  
In the next *CANTO* you shall read.

---

*The End of the first Canto.*

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# HUDIBRAS

## REVIV'D

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### The Argument of the second CANTO.

*The Character of every Guest,  
 The scuffle at the Marriage feast,  
 Comment's about a Loyal story,  
 And hot dispute 'twixt Whigg and Tory;  
 Which th' Knight just going to decide,  
 Was fetcht away to guard his Bride,  
 By Ralph, who happened to trap an her  
 With Stallian—in undecent manner.*

---

### CANTO II.

**N**O tongue can e're express the Joyes,  
 Nor Pen discribe the Extasies  
 Of him that snares in *Hymen's* net  
 Rich beauty, he despair'd to get.

Like

Like Criminals from Death repriev'd ,  
'Tis with such eagerness receiv'd ,  
That the abundance of the Blessing  
Abates the pleasure of Possessing ,  
'Till Reason by degrees does rule ,  
And swelling Passions flag and cool ,  
Then airy Transports all remove ,  
To solid and substantial Love ,  
Oblig'd with this long wish'd-for case ,  
Was now Love's Minion, *Hudibras* ;  
Who tho at first charm'd with surprize ,  
Yet growing every hour more wise ,  
No longer would let Passion cloy  
His Heart, but soberly enjoy .  
So needy *Libertines*, whose use  
Was to be lavish and profuse ,  
Falling by chance to Wealth, grow dingy ,  
Base, sordid, niggardly, and stingy :

His Tongue no longer Grief exprest ;  
His Eyes were dry, his Heart at rest ;  
His Breath that dim'd with moans the Skies,  
Or coyn'd by Passion into sighs ,  
In tuneless Sonnets now was eas'd ,  
Or cool'd his Broth, or what he pleas'd ;  
For now the Priest had shown his skill ,  
And each had bow'd and said (*I will* ).  
“ The sacred Words that fast enrolls  
“ In th' Marriage-Book Bodies and Souls ,  
And every thing in order said ,  
To License them to go to Bed :  
But stay, the Hour's not come yet ,  
The Guests must have a bit to eat ,  
And now in order to't were come  
Into a spacious Dining-room ,  
Where Herbs were strew'd, and Cloth was laid ,  
And three old blind Crowdero's play'd.

But

But to return to *Hudibras*,  
He had not been from Church a space,  
So long as one his Name could write,  
But the old Maggot 'gan to bite,  
And buzzing Whimseys warm'd the Adde  
Part, of his disceptatious Noddle ;  
His Conscience that for Commonweal,  
Had long been Laquey to his Zeal ,  
Turns Head, and smites him or'e the Face,  
For being in that *Tory* Dress ,  
And each invited Guest swears *Zounds* ,  
Seeing him in those Pantaloons.  
In fine, he was by all so hurried ,  
And by each factious Bandog worried ,  
That he resolv'd to prove new Man ,  
And fairly now turn Cat in Pan ,  
And every former Protestation  
Evade by Mental Reservation ;

---

“ For Presbyters and Priests are th’ same ,  
“ And meerly differ in a Name ,  
“ Tho they of various Matters treat ,  
“ As one to Lye, and one to Cheat ,  
“ Yet nightly Friendship they pursue ,  
“ As *Lawyers* in a Tavern do ;  
“ Who tho one Hour they bawl and jar ,  
“ Another, constant Cronies are :  
Posset with Rules which these allow ,  
The Knight resolv’d to break his Vow ,  
Urg’d to’t by the envited Tribe ,  
Whose Characters I thus describe .

First, to the Tables highest place ,  
*Publicola*, with humble Grace  
Approaches ; he was one, whose Foes  
Had led a long time by the Nose ,

And

And by a Baud they call'd *Ambition*,  
Deboach'd into a sad condition,  
Nor did his Fate e're make amends,  
And let him know 'em from his Friends,  
But led him on to disobedience,  
And, like them, forfeit his Allegiance,  
Who when their Cards were shuffled right,  
Soon left him, and plaid least in sight.  
And as I have seen Boys at play  
Glaſs Windows break, then run away,  
And leave one Impotent and Lame,  
To bear the beating and the blame.  
So they, when mischief was on foot,  
Withdrew, and let him stand it out.  
Famous he was for Birth and Race,  
For Courage, Person, Meen, and Face,  
For Horsemanship, and skill in Fence,  
And every thing indeed, but S—

For Nature thinking She has done,  
With lavish Hand enough for one,  
In ordering his Person fine,  
And that she need not dress his Mind,  
Unfurnisht Head on Shoulders set,  
And to his Agents shov'led Wit.  
Thus as advent'rous Knights of old,  
Made Squires their Shields and Launces hold,  
With which for Fame they were to fight,  
Or to defend their Ladies Right,  
His Battel Politiques were fought  
With Weapons that his Faction brought,  
And he the weighty Cause maintains,  
Argues and plots with others Brains.

His place being fill'd, there next him fate  
A crippled *Cobler* of the *State*,

Deform'd, and scarce in height a span,  
 Distorted Relique of a Man ;  
 Yet th' Oracle of the dull Rout ,  
 Tho plagu'd with Treason, Pox, and Gout ,  
 " O Miracle of scandalous Age !  
 " Tho all his Bones at Nature rage ,  
 " Crampt with Diseases and sharp Pain ,  
 " Yet there is health still in his Brain ;  
 " His chattering Tongue does still rebel ,  
 " Altho his Body feel a Hell .

Near him old *Sodom* sat, whose Fame  
 Is justly suited to his Name ;  
 His Lewdness claims the first degree ,  
 And Treasons coyn'd in *Italy* ,  
 Makes him with brainless Factions move ,  
 As lewd and bestial as his Love .

Whispering with him was a squab thing,  
That always rail'd against the King,  
Yet gave worse Reasons for so doing,  
Than e're chous'd Cully did for wooing,  
With his imagin'd Wit he's wrapt,  
And like an Autumn Spider shapt,  
His busie Pate extracted Fears,  
As Whores do mercinary Tears:  
He'd swear i'th' Skies he heard a drumming,  
And that the Bugbear *French* were coming,  
Or if a Blazing Star were seen,  
The fault must be in King or Queen,  
Some mighty flaw in Government,  
For which their Prodigies were sent;  
But ne're believ'd the Heavens foretell  
A Plague for Villains that rebell.  
To all ill News he was a Prophet,  
But if 'twere good, knew nothing of it;

In his opinion most precise,  
And obstinate to all advice,  
“ *For in all his Race and Progeny*  
“ *No Rebel e’re was found but he.*

Two *City Sparks* next fill’d the Table,  
New plac’d in Office by the Rabble,  
And us’d just like a pair of Bellows,  
To blow Sedition ’mongst the Zealous;  
*Pimpino* and *Beckofso* nam’d  
At Court, tho not in th’ City sham’d,  
Scorn’d by the Loyal and the brave,  
Tho cherisht by the factious Knave.  
The first a tall affected Prig,  
In entertaining Gown and Wig,  
With Spaniel gate, and fawning form,  
That Porpuss-like foretells a storm,

Low Cringes and uncover'd Pate ,  
He hugs the Man he means to cheat ;  
So proud of purple Officers ,  
That he oft pulls 'em by the Ears ,  
To shew 'em in what Sphere they move ,  
And that his Worship's plac'd above .  
The second was a drunken Sot ,  
So scar'd and frightened with the Plot ,  
That he durst never see the Cuts  
Without two Bottles in his Guts ,  
Nor with the story on't dispense ,  
'Till he were fairly past his sense :  
And as the true Geneva breed ,  
When any thing does ill succeed ,  
Seek to avert their State Commotion ,  
By formal setting to Devotion ,  
His Zeal another way inclin'd ,  
And fortifi'd his fears with Wine ,

That

That what his Wit could not pursue,  
 His Courage thus infus'd might do ;  
 So *Asia's* Conquerour inspir'd  
 By *Greekish* Brimmers, Fame acquir'd,  
 And the vast World before him shrunk,  
 Nor e're durst meet his Arms when drunk.

Thus stor'd with equal Vertues, they  
 Were likewise plac'd in equal sway,  
 Like Beagles coupled in a Chain,  
 To hunt the Loyal, and arraign  
 All those that would not break the Laws,  
 Kiss and Espouse the Good old Cause ;  
*Recusants* were for Faction blam'd,  
*Dissenters* cherisht for the same,  
 And what was Treason in the one,  
 In tother was an act well done,

As if so base a thing would be  
In Courts of Law and Equity ;  
As that more Justice should be due  
To a *Dutch* Swabber than a *Jew* ,  
Especially when all pretences  
Are void, and equal their Offences.  
Law is the Guardian of our Lives ,  
Our Fortunes and Prerogatives ,  
By which our proper Rights are known ,  
And every Subject gets his own ,  
Unless some hired Vermin shame us ,  
And lose a Cause through *Ignoramus* ,  
Expose their Consciences of Steel ,  
To justifie their lasting Zeal ,  
Make ye a fly fallacious Quibble ,  
Act *Vi & Armis* against a Bible ,  
And Lies in *Rhetoric* exprest ,  
As if Men took an Oath in jest ;

Or

Or that a *Monarch's* Life were far  
Less worth than th' *Prisoners* at the Bar.  
Men should have Souls and Consciences,  
And Loyalty to joyn with these,  
“ Tho in a busines lately known,  
“ 'Tis thought the Jury there had none ;  
“ When from the leaſt to the greatest thing,  
“ *They all had Justice but the King.*

Near him was plac'd a ſtriveling Cur,  
Wrapt up in Scarlet lin'd with Fur,  
With guilded Lady by his fide,  
Trickt and Embroider'd like a Bride,  
Well known to every Kinght and Lord,  
And intimate with all the Board :  
Her Husband's Riches did ſurmount,  
Grew and Inereas'd on her account

Like rolling Snow-balls, for tho he  
Extorted much by Usury,  
She found the surest way of gaining,  
By her obliging entertaining;  
Famous he was for Procuration,  
Demurrings, and continuation,  
Hedging Estates in, and the Title  
For nothing (or as bad) for little,  
On tender Conscience setting Tax,  
And ever soft'ning it like Wax,  
To make it fit to bear impression,  
Of true or false upon occasion.  
His name, as I'me inform'd by hear-say  
From friends, was *Noverint Universi*,  
Renown'd 'mongst *Pasper Cavaliers*,  
Bilkt Widows, and young Bancrupt Heirs,  
As much admir'd for Poynant Wit,  
Especially at his own Treat,

For

For drinking Healths in Brimmer Gills,  
*To Senates and Exclusive Bills,*  
*Sirnaming Bishops England's Foes,*  
*And Drone-like singing Raree-Shows.*  
Others of this rare Tribe were met,  
And at the Board in order set,  
Like Toads that in black Fogs appear,  
To suck the Poison of the Air,  
And then infuse it to the Blood,  
And Entrails of their crawling Brood;  
Whilst round about the spacious Room,  
Loud Laughs, and then confused Hum,  
And scraps of Treason made the Jest,  
From *Pignies* mouth with Grace exprest.  
When *Hudibras* appear'd agen,  
And usher'd all the Dishes in,  
Sawces and Sallads on a pile,  
All rang'd in order, Rank and File,

At

112 CANTO II.

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At Tables end the Lady fair  
Was plac'd, whilst all the Guests stood bare,  
Each gratulating with submission ,  
The happy altering her condition ,  
Who with down-look and shamefast Meen,  
Acted the Virgin of thirteen ,  
And by her carriage might be guest ,  
As pure a Maid as ever P—  
But Ceremony's growing old ,  
And lest the Supper should be cold ,  
Up to the Board *Doctoro* comes ,  
Hanging his Hat upon his Thumbs ,  
And with his *quondam* Tone and Face ,  
Squeak'd out this formal Canting Grace.

*Bless, I beseech thee, Lard,* quoth he ,  
*This butter'd Dish of Furmity;*

*Ab!*

*Ah! let the luscious Plumbs therein;*

*Mind us of our more luscious Sin,*

*And prove unto us sacred Meat,*

*For thy Disciples loved Wheat.*

*Let this Surloin have also Blessing,*

*This Venison Haunch, tho' spoil'd in dressing.*

*"At that the Knight erecting head,*

*"And finding it was so indeed,*

*"Frowning with discontented look,*

*"Stole softly out to beat his Cook,*

*Whilst thus the Priest went on— *And, Lard,**

*When thou hast blest this plenteous Board,*

*Keep us the feeders too from fallings,*

*And bless us in our several Callings;*

*Give us, we pray thee, leave to tread*

*Once more upon a Bishop's head:*

*Let not the Land those Silk-worms nourish,*

*And then thy chosen Saints shall flourish.*

Religious Button-makers teach,  
And gifted Weavers stiffly preach ;  
Schoolmen with Rhetoric decoy us,  
'Tis the most ignorant are most pious ;  
All Colledges and Schools are vain,  
Breeders of Learning most profane,  
Except that University  
That grac'd my Vertae with Degree,  
A Nursery built to preserve us,  
And not for Doctrine but for Service.  
Greek is a Heathen Tongue profest,  
Latin the Language of the Beast,  
Nor is Philosophy found good,  
Unless to teach us to be lewd,  
To trace mysterious Secrets home,  
And search our Mother Natures Womb :  
But we a near and bhorter cut,  
A North-East passage have found out,

To

*To those immortal heavenly Mines ,  
Where gracious Noll in Splendor shines ,  
And all those holy Men appear ,  
Once Sanctifi'd at Doncaster.*

Here stopt the Priest , not having done ,  
But to pump Breath up to go on ,  
'Till *Pigmy* having long o'recome  
The hungry *Demons* in his Womb ,  
And justly now began to fear ,  
No end would be of this long Pray'r ,  
Tipt him a wink to cease , and then  
Put on his Hat , and cry'd *Amen* .  
And now began the Massacre ,  
Whilst stillness seiz'd each Member there ;  
Even Zeal it self had Self-denial ,  
*The Lust of Eating made him Loyal* ,  
'Till second Course the Table crown'd ,  
And the *Whig Healths* were coming round :

But then, as if the passive Bottles  
Had charm'd Sedition to their Noddles ,  
*Pigmy* starts up with Zealous fury ,  
And like hired Foreman of a Jury ,  
Tickled with old rebellious Itch ,  
Began this edifying Speech .

‘ That Hieroglyphick Loyn of Veal  
‘ (Quoth he) is like the Commonweal ,  
‘ From Body Politique so lopt ,  
‘ And like the State mangled and Chopt ,  
‘ Heaven even in Naturals does express  
‘ Perfect *Idea's* of our Case ,  
‘ And by mean Symptoms makes us know  
‘ The Troubles we must undergo ;  
‘ For 'tis not only Railery ,  
‘ Blasting our deeds with Infamy ,

‘ Which

‘ Which hair-brain’d Scribblers frame to cramp  
‘ Or seeing of our names in Lampoon, (one,  
‘ Must e’re have pow’r enough to vex us,  
‘ Or with their emptiness perplex us ;  
‘ Nay, should we hear a fellow prate,  
‘ There goes a Rogue of *Forty eight* ,  
‘ It must not on us make Invasions ,  
‘ The Touchstone of the Saints is Patience ,  
‘ And the pleasure will be ours at last ,  
‘ Revenge, tho slow, is surely pac’t ;  
‘ Little disgraces still must be  
‘ Companions of our Constancy.  
‘ Halters, sharp Axes, breach of Laws ,  
‘ Must aid and propagate the *Cause* ;  
‘ But like brave Theeves, if any dies ,  
‘ ’Tis not for Trifles, but a Prize ,  
‘ What Troubles did on *Brutus* wait ,  
‘ E’re he had power to change the State.

‘ How did he let pert Coxcombs rule ,  
‘ And squint and slaver like a Fool ,  
‘ Abus’d by the Monarchal Crew ,  
‘ Oft spurn’d and cudgel’d black and blew ,  
‘ And yet with patience without snobbing ,  
‘ How did he bear th’ unfriendly drubbing ,  
‘ Till *Lucrece* dy’d , ( the first Coy-thing  
‘ *That e’re did so for Ravishing )*  
‘ But then, as if her wanton Fate  
‘ Gave cause enough to change the State ,  
‘ He boldly threw off his disguise ,  
‘ Aided the Rebels, and grew wise .  
‘ As he proceeded, so must we ,  
‘ The best of Wit is Policy , .  
‘ And opportunity’s the main  
‘ Thing to make us our ends obtain .  
‘ What made the quondam *Draymen* Lords ,  
‘ But time and patience, and good Swords ?

‘ Or

‘Or th’ *Hotspur* of the North expire,  
‘But testy Wrath, and too much Fire?  
‘Rage, as in Reason needs must appear,  
‘Is like a gust of Wind to a Taper,  
‘Tis either puff’d and melted fast,  
‘Or quite extinguish’t by the blast:  
‘And so shall we, if we expose  
‘Our kindled Angers to our Foes.  
‘Passion converts our solid sense  
‘To folly and impertinence,  
“ *Like Hectors that make Cullies fret*,  
“ *And then are sure to win the Set*;  
‘Or like a Squib that flies about,  
‘Buzzes and bounces, and goes out,  
‘But ne’re can do half th’ ill turns  
‘Of the Fire that moderately burns.  
‘Besides, we have Examples still,  
‘That Caution was our chiefest skill

‘ In late successes, a fly fleer  
‘ Carry’d more Cunning, than to fwear ;  
‘ And Yea and Nay with formal Dres,  
‘ Gave us such great advantages ,  
‘ That those that did against us fight ,  
‘ Almost believ’d we were in th’ right ,  
‘ Deceiv’d by holy Politiques ,  
‘ And influence of Canting tricks ,  
‘ Till we with Men and Arms were stor’d ;  
‘ But then Religion was the Sword ,  
‘ Each pious Pastor warm’d with Bub ,  
‘ Would wear his Buff-Coat in his Tub :  
‘ In his right hand would weild a Bible ,  
‘ In th’ left an edifying Libel ,  
‘ Thence loudly bawling Gospel Law ,  
‘ And if they not believ’d, would draw .  
‘ But this was when the point was gain’d  
‘ A step, which yet we han’t obtain’d ,

‘ And

‘ And therefore mildly must agree ,  
‘ And grace our Plots with subtlety .

‘ A Commonwealth’s as hard to bring in ,  
‘ As ’twas of late to get the King in ,  
‘ When fatally his Cause was try’d ,  
‘ And tho it happen’d the wrong side ;  
‘ Yet if we do but mind our hits ,  
‘ Our Party such advantage gets ,  
‘ Such shoals of Rabble daily draws ,  
‘ To back and fortifie the Cause ,  
‘ We doubt not the Conscientious Men  
‘ Will one day get him out agen ;  
‘ For Monarchy is still profest  
‘ A foe to all our Interest ,  
‘ A headlong Arbitrary sway ,  
‘ That proudly makes us all obey ,

‘ When

‘ When we in Justice should maintain  
‘ The Priviledge of *English-men*,  
‘ Whose humours with Republiques breed,  
‘ But seldom honour a crown’d Head ;  
‘ Pleas’d with the freedom of their State,  
‘ And blind Ambition to be great,  
‘ Which cannot be effected when  
‘ The Nation has a foremost Man.  
‘ The wise *Plebeans* fear’d to bring  
‘ Their Votes for *Cæsar* to be King,  
‘ As doubting that his Power might rise,  
‘ T’ incroach upon their Liberties,  
‘ And keep them from their honour’d Due,  
‘ Who one day might be *Consuls* too ;  
‘ And in our latter Age we found  
‘ A *Wight* aspiring to be crown’d,  
‘ Who tho he had gain’d th’ utmost height  
‘ Of th’ lofty Pyramid of State,

Would

‘Would yet have made our stubborn Folk  
‘To bow to a more haughty Yoke.  
‘Had they not boldly checkt the thing ,  
‘And cry’d, *No Bisbap, nor no King* ,  
‘Two Names that never yet would heal  
‘The Wounds made in a Commonweal ,  
‘But make it rankle a worse way ,  
‘Than a neglected Slave’s at Sea.  
‘Yet tho a Monarch be the Bug ,  
‘A thing we hate like a mad Dog ,  
‘Tis fit we humour Times, and with ,  
‘Fit subtilely, beware his Teeth.  
‘In Royalty is a strange Power  
‘That sometimes higher moves and lower ,  
‘When low the blow is to be strook ,  
‘When higher we must only look ,  
‘And its declension watch with pains ,  
‘As *Pigmies* do the soaring Cranes.

Our

‘Our Wit is now a wiser course  
‘To propagate the Cause, than force :  
‘*As Horseleeches, with eager might*  
‘*Suck to the Blood, but never bite.*  
‘*Petitions, and such Gentilesses,*  
‘Convenient are, but no *Addresses* :  
‘Rumours of Popish Cavalcades,  
‘Armies i’th’ North, and *Hatfield Maids* ,  
‘Dreams, Whimsies, and the strange affrights  
‘Of Enthusiastic Bethlemites ;  
‘All things that can the King perplex ,  
‘And with Eternal Buzzings vex ,  
‘To urge him to strike first, and then  
‘We have good cause to do’t agen ;  
‘For Causes howe’re understood  
‘In wrong or right, will do us good :  
‘And what can better charm a Widgeon ,  
‘Than th’ old Authentic sham *Religion*.

‘What

‘What made State Carpenter rebel,  
“Religious Cause of doing well?  
“Or brought *Mun’s* Murder to be found,  
“Religion? — *No, five hundred Pounds*,  
Answer’d an old neglected Guest,  
That sat at th’ lower end o’th’ Feast,  
Who tho by Mrs. *Bride* envited,  
By all the rest o’th’ Board was slighted,  
His *Tory Principles* not being  
Squar’d right with theirs, but disagreeing;  
He finding that the warpt Statemonger  
Would preach his Canting Treason longer,  
Resolv’d to cut him off, and make  
Him know, ’twas now his turn to speak.  
The Oratour look’d plaguy pale  
To be thus hinder’d in his Tale,  
But seeing tother’s Resolution,  
And hoping this might breed confusion,

Jogs

---

Jogs the next Rascal near him seated ,  
Both being in Vice and Blood related ,  
Whilst *Proto* follows his Position ,  
And thus harangues the Politician.

*Quoth he* ; ' I have observ'd some years  
‘ The Authors of the Nations fears ,  
‘ To be indesinently, two ,  
‘ *Via elicit* , The Devil and You ,  
‘ You wisely to escape his Whip ,  
‘ Have enter'd in Copartnership ,  
‘ And all the Subject Rabble made  
‘ Chief Customers in your joint Trade :  
‘ He brings the Treasons to effect ,  
‘ Which politickly you project .  
‘ Nature to Custom he Converts ,  
‘ And old Rebellion newly starts .

‘ Your

‘Your Office is to urge the Evil,  
‘And to infect the Crowd, *the Devil*;  
‘So both of ye take equal shares,  
‘Profit and Praise in the Affairs.  
‘The subtle Scales that slyly weighs  
‘Heavy or light the Consciences,  
‘Of those that with State Poyson swell,  
‘That fear the Lord, and yet Rebel.  
‘Thus as your Bully the *Protector* ,  
‘The Commonwealth and Causes hector,  
‘Tho he to kill his *Prince* did dare ,  
‘Yet in that instant went to Pray’r ;  
‘So you pretending to do good ,  
‘The blackest Crimes and Mischiefs brood ,  
‘And all the Villanies of Hell ,  
‘Do cover with Religions Veil ,  
‘Vernish and guild your horrid Ills ,  
‘As ’Pothecaries do their Pills ,

‘Only to hide, and keep unseen  
‘The nauseous Poison that’s within.  
‘You, Witch-like, to perform your feats,  
‘Can let the Devil suck your Teats,  
‘Or practise any odd Diversion,  
‘Shall please him best upon your Person ;  
‘For ’tis agreed, to gain their ends,  
‘The Brethren may have League with Fiends,  
‘Hold Correspondence with the Furies,  
‘As well as *Ignoramus* Juries,  
‘Provided that the Cause goes on,  
‘And nothing’s idly left undone.

‘From thirteen years to threescore odd,  
‘You’ve Traytor been to King and God,  
‘And yet have sought ’em both at times,  
‘When Justice was pursuing Crimes ;

‘Oft

'Oft been devout for fear of Death,  
'Rebel and Loyal in a Breath ;  
'But ever kept a constant way,  
'When any Faction bore the sway.  
'Like Carriers Horse you bore the Bell,  
'And knew the beaten Path so well,  
'The rest o'th' Asses with their Loads  
'Could never fear to miss their Roads ;  
'Nor did you ever come too late,  
'To fall in at a Turn of State.  
'But private Pardon would alledge,  
'(Mongst all the rest) your Priviledge,  
'Your Crimes being of a deeper dye,  
'Gave you the reason to tell why,  
'And that secure you could not be  
'In the general Indemnity ;  
'Which passing under Royal Seal,  
'Your Agent Devil, and your Zeal,

‘ Made you forget the mighty Grace,  
‘ And steel’d with Impudence your Face,  
‘ Bearing with Pride the Conscience Clog,  
‘ You turn’d to the Vomit like a Dog.

*A Dog*, cries *Pigmy*; at which word,  
He rapt an Oath that shook the Board,  
And star’d as if a Witch had dress’d him,  
Or that the Devil had possest him:

Quoth he, *In all my cunning searches*  
*For th’ Nation’s Interest, and the Churches,*  
*I ne’re encounter’d such Offence,*  
*Nor bandied with such Impudence.*

*As I have met with here to night,*  
*Affronted by abusive spite,*  
*For what but National Distress*  
*Could draw from me such Flourishes;*  
*Or hints of Doubts, of Fire, and Fagot,*  
*But Zeal* — Quoth *Propto*, ‘ Yes, a Magot,

‘ That

‘That e’re since *Forty one* did paddle  
‘In the deep Quagmire of your Noddle.  
‘What made me busie in the State?  
‘*Purblind Ambition to be Great*?  
‘But when *Great*, how was I subdu’d?  
‘*By th’ Devil and Ingratitude*?  
‘Why did I make a Speech to th’ Peers?  
‘*To set the People by the Ears*?  
‘But had it then no tang of *Arts*?  
‘*Perhaps ’twas then to shew your Parts*,  
‘*How gravely proper to advise*,  
‘*And how Rhetorically wise*.  
‘What made me amongst *Round-heads* Muster  
‘Against the King — ‘*His buck at Worcester*?  
‘But was I not by Conscience driven  
‘To do it, think you? ‘*No, by Heaven*.  
‘What could inspire me to such Evil,  
‘*Gaist so Divine a Prince, the Devil*?  
at

‘ He still, had we then no Abettors ?

“ Yes, Cromwel, Bradshaw, and Hugh Peters.

At this, a (Zeal-expressing) Mug,

Thrown by an *Independent* Pug,

Flew with such swiftness o’re his Pate,

That it strook two Yards off, his Hat ;

But Scull was sav’d by dopping Noddle,

And lifting up a *Tory* Bottle,

He flung it at th’ Aggressor’s Face,

But miss’d, and strook a Brimming Glass ;

Which grave *Doctoro* had begun

‘ *A Health to th’ Lads of Forty one.*

The Priest, half drown’d in *Burgundy*,

At *Proto’s Head* a Tart let fly,

Which meeting with a flying Cheese,

Dasht all the Cream on *Pigmy’s Phiz*—

Who starting back, and glowing hot

With Rage, to be thus Custard shot,

On Mutton shoulder lays his Fist,  
And vows Revenge on this new Guest ,  
Who now with throwing the Meat about ,  
Had scuffled all the Candles out :  
Yet could not darkness, not the hurry ,  
Allay our Politicians fury ,  
Who brandishing Fore-leg of Sheep ,  
On *Proto*'s Head laid such a heap  
Of blows, that had he not retreated ,  
He totally had been defeated ;  
Nor did he cease, but still pursu'd  
His Conquest, steep'd in Grease and Blood ;  
Not he, whom Divine History tells ,  
With Jaw-bone did such Miracles ,  
E're swifter could his Foes divide ,  
Or drive 'em faster from his side ,  
Then did our *Hero* with his Truncheon ,  
Or Weapon good of roasted Luncheon ,

'Till fickle undiscerning Fate,  
That makes the Brave least Fortunate;  
His Victory did countermand,  
By slipping from his eager hand  
The mangled Shoulder, which was catcht  
By *Proto*, who th'advantage watcht;  
And now returns with doubled Rage,  
And th' wearied Conquerour engag'd  
So fierce with thumps about the Scull,  
That tumbling backwards o're a Stool,  
The stunnied Statesman with the blow  
Was left at the mercy of his Foe;  
But *Pallas*, whom the Schools relate  
The Darling Off-spring of *Jove's* Pate,  
And therefore in Distresses deigns  
To take great care of Mortal Brains,  
Fearing the fall might make Contusion,  
Under his Head convey'd a Cushion.

Mean

Mean while, *Pimpino* and *Backofso*  
Doubting their luck would be but So-So,  
And that it would disgrace them all,  
Tamely to see their Captain fall ;  
To *Pigmy*'s aid advanc'd, to pull  
His Corps from *Barricado Stool* :  
But in th' attempt by friend of *Proto*'s,  
That of the Brawl had timely notice,  
Receiv'd some blows and hardy thwacks,  
Furiously laid on Sides and Backs ;  
Yet being strong, and such as knew  
How much a Cudgelling came too,  
In spite of drubbing and battooning,  
Rescu'd their Friend, that just was swooning,  
For fear some awker'd stroke should reach  
His Noddle, as he sat on's Breech ;  
But now the *Genius* that still is chief  
Defender of Mankind from mischief,

Unwilling the Fight amidst good Cheer  
Should grow into a Massacre ,  
Sent *Hudibras* with Lights to stop  
Their Rage , and take the Matter up ;  
He peering round from hollow Eyne ,  
And the havock saw of Meat and Wine ,  
The Custard wrack , with which the Asses  
Had now bedaub'd their Clothes and Faces ;  
And finding all his hopes were lost ,  
To save th' remainder of his Cost ,  
That what should serve the Folks at home ,  
Was rudely thrown about the Room ;  
Disturb'd too at their lavish Crimes ,  
He on a Sideboard Table climbs ,  
As well to make himself heard better ,  
As to amend his Dwarf-like Stature ,  
And propt on the Domestick Fortress ,  
Thus pow'rfully beats up their Quarters .

‘Ye

‘ Ye Sons of Rancour and Sedition,  
‘ Ye Rats that gnaw, yet spoil Provision ,  
‘ Whose low, absurd, and brainles Strifes,  
‘ Ruine the *Cause*, your selves, and wives ;  
‘ You, whose Enthusiaſtick Itches  
‘ Fondly your knowing Sense bewitches ,  
‘ What lavish *Demon* could inspire  
‘ Your Souls with such unhallow’d Fire ,  
‘ To be thus heathenishly lewd ,  
‘ And make such wrack of *Christian* Food ?  
‘ Swagbelly’d *Danes*, tis true, in Drink  
‘ Brawl much, because they seldom think.  
‘ The taper *Spaniard* soft in Wine ,  
‘ By tilting makes his Honour shine.  
‘ The *French-man*, of amphibious Mold ,  
‘ Soon fiery hot, and freezing cold ,  
‘ At play, or o’re a Bottle draws ,  
‘ Cocks Hat, and justifies his *Cause*.

‘ The

‘ The drowsie *Dutch*, with boggy Breech,  
‘ And Nature barb’rous as his speech,  
‘ About his Nation’s Gallantry,  
‘ Draws Knife to stab at *Snick-or-Snee* ;  
‘ But none but th’ *English* have the heat,  
‘ Like Dogs, to quarrel at their Meat,  
‘ And for their fierce offensive Weapons,  
‘ Make use of Mutton Legs, and Capons,  
‘ Make fiercest Instruments of Rage  
‘ To be Plumb-Pudding and Pottage ;  
‘ And Pease just taken from the Pot,  
‘ To serve instead of Pistol Shot.  
‘ Shall we for Trifles disagree,  
‘ Religion, and Sham *Loyalty* ,  
‘ When all we have on’t we can put.  
‘ With wond’rous ease into a Nut ?  
‘ The Nation’s Interest, and our own,  
‘ Are Themes our Brains must work upon ;

When

When Monarchy goes down a�en ,  
Then let us fight, but not 'till then ;  
Nor wilfully abuse the Creature ,  
That feeds our Life, and props our Nature ,  
And makes us hardy, strong, and able ,  
To lead our Forces on — the Rabble .  
Why, what a shame is this to Sense ?  
What great distrust of Providence ?  
That one weak Stickler for a Crown ,  
Should make our Frailty thus be shwon ,  
And with his witless Chat should break  
Th' united Body Politique ;  
Th' Epitome of the wise City ,  
Cull'd out and met in this Committee .

Then gravely looking round, and frowning  
On batter'd *Pigmy* that sat groaning ,

(Who

(Who sick with being toss'd and jogg'd,  
Had all his Supper disembogu'd)

Coughing with grace, the Statesman's pang  
Always before he makes Harangue ,

The Knight went on — 'And you that late  
'Were stil'd *Right Reverend* of the State ,

'For Politique sharp-pointed Reason ,

'Bitter, yet no Law-breaking Treason ;

'You that gave us Advice just now ,

'What for the *Cause* we were to do ,

'Prov'd, that all Fewds, 'till we were strong  
'To go through stetch, would do us wrong ;

'Like Arrows upright shot in Meads ,

'The harm would fall on our own heads ;

'That you, I say, should so forget  
'Your Sense, and lessen so your Wit ,

'Your honour'd and dear-purchas'd Glory ,

'Poorly t' encounter with one *Tory* ;

'Threa-

'Threaten to kill, and cut, and slash,  
'With what were fitter for a hash,  
'And proudly swear to break his Head  
'With Puddings, upon which you feed.  
'Have you, I say, in manner ample,  
'By way of specious grave Example,  
'Look't wise, and taught hot-headed Fools  
'Democracy's Authentick Rules;  
'In all Orations and Complaints,  
'Extoll'd the Patience of the Saints,  
'And th' silent way of Governing,  
'When they had hooted out the King,  
'And yet be first to break the Laws,  
'Your self has made with such Applause;  
'Like Country Vicar, preaching down  
'The Sin of *Drunkenness* in his Town;  
'Yet at a Wedding, or a Fair,  
'Is sooner sopt than any there

'In

‘ In Double Beer acts many a brisk ,  
‘ Tho he each Sabbath bangs his Desk ,  
‘ In laying the Enormance home ,  
‘ And preaching Torments are to come ;  
‘ I own the fierceness of our Zeal ,  
‘ When it concerns a Commonwealth ,  
‘ Ferments to such infibid hate ,  
‘ As Reason never can abate ;  
‘ But then ’tis when we are overthrown ,  
‘ And in our Arguments run down :  
‘ Not when the busines is supply’d  
‘ With ten to one the strongest side ;  
‘ Obstreperous noise (tis true) does much ,  
‘ When we have a crabbed Point to touch ;  
‘ With hums and ha’s we carry’d on  
‘ This Canting Trade in *Forty one* ;  
‘ Noise brought the Sisters to our Church ,  
‘ Cram’d Conventicles to the Porch ;

Turn’d

'Turn'd up their Whites and made 'em groan,  
 'Not feeling th' matter, but the tone ;  
 'The tuneful Tale such influence wears ,  
 'It made 'em play at Bowls with Tears ,  
 'But never rais'd the Passions equal  
 'In Temples Orthodox and Legal ;  
 'Their Senses all were in confusion ,  
 'To see dear Deacon thrash his Cushion ,  
 'Believ'd Salvation sprung from thence ,  
 'And that they need not mind the Sense.  
*'When Zeal by noise is understood ,*  
*'The subject Matter must be good ,*  
*'And Nonsense as Soul-saving be ,*  
*'As the Body of Divinity .*  
 'The Saints have often need of Shifts ,  
 'Each Brother has peculiar Gifts ;  
 'And tho discerning Providence  
 'Bestows not on us equal sense .

Some

‘Some other way amends is made ;  
‘We thrive as well as if we had ;  
‘With Sighs and Groans like *Ananias*,  
‘We stretch the Purse of the Pious ;  
‘With Eyes erect, and humble Meen ,  
‘Draw the Religious Sisters in ;  
‘Nay, ev’n Diseases, Sores, and Pains ,  
‘The Curse of others, proves our Gains ;  
‘Gouts, Agues, Feavers, nay the *Crincum*  
‘Often contributes to our Income.  
‘A certain Elder had a knack  
‘To counterfeit a Wolf in’s Neck ;  
‘Which was indeed an Issue made ,  
‘To draw the Magots from in’s Head ;  
‘Yet from the Reverend of the City ,  
‘Procur’d strange Sentiments of Pity ,  
‘And wrapt in Tippet Handketcher ,  
‘Brought in Five hundred Ponnds a year.

‘Ano.

'Another by promoting Strife  
'Procur'd a Pension for his Life ;  
'Made Lies, and Stratagems, and Oaths ;  
'Bring him in Money, Food, and Cloths ;  
'But no one e're a *Souse* could earn ,  
'Unless on National Concern ;  
'A private Fewd breeds private Mischief ,  
'And of our ill Successes is chief ,  
Makes us and Reputations weak ,  
And tother side th'advantage take :  
Besides, to perfect these Intrigues ,  
With Loins of Veal, and Mutton Legs ;  
To think to proclaim War, and Chastize  
With Rumps of Beef, and Venison Pasties ;  
Is the most low and brainless trick  
That e're was counted Politique.

‘To plant a Commonwealth’s a matter  
‘Of an occult and mystick Nature ;  
‘Tis introduc’d with Care and Pain ,  
‘And solid Judgment of the Brain :  
‘For ’tis no flight or easie thing  
‘To fight by Law against the King ,  
‘Make *Magna Charta* and Decree  
‘Storm Regal Power and Loyalty ,  
‘And flur and sham a *Quo Warranto* ,  
‘As the Brethren do a Loyal *Canto* .  
‘We must have Circumstance and Reason ,  
‘To vernish and adorn our Treason ;  
‘Swear that Monarchal Dignity  
‘Brings Arbitrary Tyranny ,  
‘That a free State is still the best ,  
‘And fitteſt for our Interest ;  
‘And ſtill the Law muſt back and further  
‘Our Projects, tho’ it come to Murder.

'Law is the States familiar Imp,  
 'The thriving Politician's Pimp,  
 'That cherisht by all conquering fee,  
 'Suits with each Busines and Degree,  
 'Like Spiders Web can hold the Fly,  
 'But let the gilded Gnat go by;  
 'Make Littleton and Cook to say,  
 'Falshoods or Truths just as we pay,  
 'And pass unparallel'd Offences  
 'By Legal Quirks, and fly Pretences;  
 'Twas shew of Justice that subdu'd  
 'In our late times the Multitude.  
 'How had the Cause miss'd Swords to fight,  
 'Had they not thought they were in th' right?  
 'How had the Zealous Party scorn'd it,  
 'If form of Law had not adorn'd it,  
 'And made even Murders, Plunders, Rapes,  
 'Appear but natural mishaps,

‘ The Curses of Intestine Jars ,  
‘ And strange misfortune of the Wars ?  
‘ Therefore no thwarting Joke in prattle  
‘ Should make the Brethren enter Battel ;  
‘ Unless some weightier Cause they know ,  
‘ Or have at least effectual show ,  
‘ For seeming Justice is as good  
‘ As Right , when ’tis not nnderstood ,  
‘ As a Copper Shilling , if ’twill pass  
‘ For Plate ,’s as good as if it was .

The Knight had still gone on , but *Ralph* ,  
In a most fierce and pelting Chaff ,  
Enters the Room as pale as Death ,  
Gogling his Eyes , and out of Breath ,  
And running up , swoln and inflated ,  
Where *Hudibras* stood Elevated ;

With

With savage and distracted look,  
Rowzing his senses, thus he spoke.

‘What cursed Case is now debating,  
‘Sir Knight, that you should stand here prating,  
‘When in next Room a Rampant shaver,  
‘Odswoons ! is ploughing with your Heifer,  
‘And with licentious hands does touze  
‘The Bridal Vesture of your Spouse ?  
‘Whilst you are teaching *Points of State* here,  
‘He’s teaching her the *Points of Nature* ,  
‘In sympathizing Extasies ,  
‘Of Lips, and Arms, and Legs, and Thighs,  
‘With glowing Cheeks, and equal Flames,  
‘They eagerly indulge their Shames ;  
‘No spark of Modesty allow  
‘To Husband, or the Marriage Vow ,

‘ But wantonly pursue the Course ,  
‘ Like bellowing Bull, or Boar, or Horse.  
‘ Oh Curse of Marriage, and the Suit on’t ,  
‘ If this must ever be the Fruit on’t !  
‘ And doubly curst be fond Amours ,  
‘ That weds us still to Bawds and Whores ;  
‘ When we expect a Virgin Rose ,  
‘ Narrow as *Paradise*, and close ,  
‘ Too late, alas ! we find and fear  
‘ Some Insect has been sucking there ;  
‘ Find the Alliance was Compact ,  
‘ And that the Pipkin has been crackt ,  
‘ Who could have thought, you having won her  
‘ With peerless Worth, and Deeds of Honour,  
‘ That she could e’re forget your Court ,  
‘ And to another yield the Fort ?  
‘ Kiss you —— yet let another come  
‘ With lewd intent so near her Bum ?

‘ Back

‘Back Gammon play, like *Harridan*,  
‘And let a *Whig* enter his *Man* ;  
‘When (pardon Sir) like wedded Sot,  
‘You left her ne’re a *lawful Blot* ,  
‘But carefully resolv’d to wrack ,  
‘Inervate Limbs, and aking Back ,  
‘To satisfie luxurious Sense ,  
‘And give her *due Benevolence* ?  
‘But Widows of deboacht Intrigue ,  
‘Are just like Cackling Hens with Egg ,  
‘When once the *itching Passion*’s known ,  
‘Are *trod* by every Cock in Town ;  
‘And so will yours, not timely stopt ,  
‘And if not Padlockt, Sir, or Coop’t :  
‘For of all Sights e’re seen, the oddest  
‘Now met my Eyes, and most immodest ;  
‘Lips join’d, bare Legs, things far from blameless  
‘And *something else*-- that shall be nameless.

The Knight at this, gave Breast a thump,  
And hanging Head in dolesful dump,  
The *Genius* of his honour'd Race,  
Painted with sanguine Blush his Face,  
And shame soon made him know the harms,  
Were done his Knighthood and his Arms :  
Thoughts crowding now his Breast on heaps,  
He nimbly from the Table leaps,  
To follow *Ralph* in wild distraction,  
And make his Foe give satisfaction ;  
But passing in great hast along,  
Rusht on *Doctoro* in the throng,  
And threw a Jar of Urine down  
Upon his *Sacerdotal* Gown :  
The Priest, altho to rage not wonted,  
Yet finding *Cassock* thus affronted,  
Made Oath on the Evangelist,  
To right his Injuries by Fist ;

Where

Where we will leave him, cleansing Crape,  
And murmuring at the strange mishap ;  
And *Hudibras*, with eager hurry,  
Following the Dictates of his fury ;  
To speak of th' Widow and her Love,  
Now closely met in dark Alcove.

*Stalliano*, when the Politician  
Was opening first the *States Condition*,  
Knowing his Speech, tho' false or true,  
Would hold 'em tack an hour or two,  
Resolv'd to let 'em mind their Histories,  
And tip the wink upon his Mistress  
To quit the Room, and prove her Passion,  
Whilst he was making his Oration ;  
This granted, straight away they shuffle,  
Just when new Guest began the scuffle,

And

And through an Antichamber creeping,  
Where drowsy *Ralph* had been sleeping,  
He follow'd them to inner Room,  
And saw his Master's *Cuckoldom*,  
Through Key-hole saw the amorous Chases,  
And interchangable Embraces,  
And much enrag'd at uncouth sight,  
Ran speedily 't inform the Knight,  
And brought him just i'th' nick, to see  
His unavoided Destiny :  
But *Hudibras*, whose mind was bent  
On his old Method, *Argument*,  
And seldom any *Truths* believ'd,  
Through needless fears of being *deceiv'd*,  
New Whimsies now had Brains o'retaken,  
That the bold Squire might be mistaken,  
And, through the Cranny, a false Light  
Might casually delude his sight;

Which

Which to pursue he rallies Forces,  
And thus with angry *Ralph* discourses.

‘ ‘Tis possible my friend (quoth he)  
‘ And all the Schoolmen do agree,  
‘ That drewzy *Epileptick* Nature  
‘ Cannot at all times judge of Matter,  
‘ The Eyes and Understanding being  
‘ Unfit for knowledge, or for seeing;  
‘ The Sense by sleep may be corrupted,  
‘ As ‘tis by Wine, when long we have supt it,  
‘ And th’ *Objects*, which we seem to view,  
‘ May be but *Fancies*, and not *true*,  
‘ The effects of Rage, and stupid Folly,  
‘ Diseases, or of Melancholy,  
‘ Sudden Surprises, and Affrights;  
‘ As Women, walking in dark Nights,

Charm’d

‘Charm’d by their fear, think every Post  
‘Or Bush, a Devil or a Ghost ;  
‘So thou, with Rage possest, and Spite ,  
‘(Passions which oft delude the sight )  
‘Perhaps dost take some *Chamber Blowze* ,  
‘Trickt up in *Manto*, for my *Spouse* ,  
‘And *Stalliane*, whom thou thinkst a Such-man,  
‘Who knows may prove but *Dick the Coachman*,  
‘Gone thither to conclude a League  
‘Of matrimonial Grand Intrigue.  
‘The Laws of *Honour* are so nice ,  
‘That it behoves us to be wise ,  
‘And in our minds that Proverb keep ,  
‘That bids us *look* before we *leap* ,  
‘And take substantial satisfaction .  
‘Of th’truth, before we fall to Action :  
‘Why what a fatal Jnjury  
‘Were this, if it should prove a Lye ?

‘If

'If thou should'st chance to be bewitcht,  
'And nothing true that thou hast preacht?  
'What great Atonement or Submission  
'Could make amends for my suspicion?  
'If we should prove thy Eyes were glew'd,  
'(As well I know thou hast been lewd)  
'And that through Key-hole thou couldst never  
'With those thy farthing Lights perceive her,  
'But that promoting this Extream  
'Was some mad Whimsie, or a Dream,  
'How would the Lady put on Coy look?  
'And then how like a Dog should I look?  
'The *Spartan* Gallants lov'd so well,  
'They knew their Misses by the smell,  
'And thought it clownish and unwise  
'To trust their Feeling, or their Eyes.  
'Thus confident in strong Belief,  
'Each Lover knew the several Whif;

'And

‘ And tho no Judgment can suppose  
‘ That thou canst have so good a Nose,  
‘ Plac’d in the Sphere where thou dost move,  
‘ Not generous enough to Love,  
‘ Yet I may thus far be in th’ right,  
‘ That ’tis not fit to trust thy sight,  
‘ Especially when the occasion  
‘ Concerns a Lady’s Reputation ;  
‘ Therefore I think it requisite  
‘ To make an honourable Retreat,  
‘ Left, haunted by some *Cacodemon*,  
‘ This matter thou shouldst only dream on ;  
‘ Which if’t should happen the wrong way,  
‘ As I am apt to think it may,  
‘ By all my Joys, which she has crown’d,  
‘ I would not for five hundred Pound.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralph*, 'When th' Devil owes a spite,  
'As he does now to you, Sir Knight,  
'He uses th' strongest influence  
'To hoodwink and corrupt the Sense,  
'And now your Reasons are so dull,  
'I find he's working in your Skull,  
'Where he intrinsically forms  
'Doubts, Whimsies, and great store of Worms,  
'That hum, and buz, and make a bustle,  
'And your discerning Judgment puzzle;  
'For with all Calmness I'le maintain,  
'Had Wisdom seiz'd your Pericrane,  
'Or had I any cause to alledge  
'Th' effects of your impartial knowledge,  
'You would just Sentiments pursue,  
'And grant my Depositions true;  
'For salve the matter how you will,  
'I fix to my Narration still;

'Nor

‘Nor am I frantick as you take me,  
‘Bewitcht, or blind, as you would make me,  
‘Stupidly drunk, or what is worse,  
‘But fit to reason and discourse;  
‘Nor have I swallow’d a Fool’s drug,  
‘But know what’s what, and Pig from Dog,  
‘And can distinguish well between  
‘Your *silken Spouse*, and *durty Jane*;  
‘*Twixt lousy Dick*, in *Canvas Frock*,  
‘And *Trustee* fierce, with *Beaver cockt*:  
‘The firm foundation of my Wit  
‘Is surely not so shaken yet,  
‘But I can judge upon occasion  
‘*Twixt Chat* and *Carnal Copulation*,  
‘Distinction and the difference see  
‘*Twixt Lip* and *Hand*, and *Rem in Re*;  
‘And tho my sense you would have scanted,  
‘Yet ’mongst the wise this must be granted.

The

The stubborn *Jews* could ne're be brought  
To Credit what the Prophets taught,  
Or think the *Hand of Heaven* was on 'em  
Till the *Destruction* shovr'd upon 'em;  
And though th' *Allusion* prove not true  
Between your *Worship* and a *Jew*,  
Yet he that shall your Story tell  
Must say you are an *Infidel*,  
And that you still your *wrongs* deny  
Till they are past all *Remedy*;  
Else you could ne're be so unwise,  
To Cavil at my *Ears* and *Eyes*,  
When they their *natural use* possess,  
And Justly do their *Offices*;  
Or strive their *Credit* to withdraw  
From what I plainly *heard* and *saw*,  
Beheld your new rigg'd Frigat *mann'd*  
As plain as now I see my hand.

M

‘Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'The Stoicks tell us,  
' (And those I think were learned fellows )  
' That no one *certain Matter* knows,  
' But onely through a grand *suppose*;  
' As thus now——if thy *passive* Bones  
' Were drub'd with plant, or bruis'd with stones  
' Or that *opinionated* scull  
' Were Bastinadoed soft as wool,  
' Beating you must not bluntly own,  
' But only must *suppose* it done;  
' Implying from less things to greater,  
' There is no *certainty* in *Nature*:  
' And this *Philosophy* should teach thee,  
' If any *occult* *Art* can reach thee,  
' Not to *affirm* what Objects show,  
' But to *suppose* it may be so.

Quoth Ralph—“ Dam your Philosophy,  
That teaches you to *whore* and *lye* ;  
*A* science, none should e’re have felt  
But *Antiquated men* and *Gelt* ,  
Or *Lame Physicians*, or *night Fades*,  
That ease of Loads, *Bigbellied Maids* ;  
And though renown’d in Pedant schools,  
Still makes you *Athiests*, *Knaves* and *Fooles* ;  
The *thoughtfull* constitutions *fad* ,  
And the *brisk* shallow *Coxcombs* *mad* ;  
And will, Sir, have a potent force  
On you I find by your discourse ;  
You that would have me to *suppose*,  
I have a foot, an eye, a nose,  
*Imagine* that I hear or see,  
But not be *Possitive* ’t can be :  
As if my Judgment were so reeling,  
That I could ever doubt my feeling,

‘ And when my Bones with drubs are aking  
‘ Fancy that I may be mistaken ;  
‘ Or if ( as now ) I chanc’d to see  
‘ Bare leggs, or other *mudity*,  
‘ Sense should such *oppſition* find,  
‘ As to suppose that I was *blind* ;  
‘ Tis *Nonſence*, and was ne’re believ’d  
‘ By such as would not be deceiv’d,  
‘ And therefore with your Pardon, Sir,  
‘ My *Reason* here I must prefer,  
‘ And credit mine (altho but dim) Eyes,  
‘ ’Spite of your *Philosophick Whimsies* :  
‘ Wise Nature kindly did produce  
‘ Each limb for its officious use,  
‘ Our Ears to *hear*, or Tongues to *talk*,  
‘ Our Eyes to *see*, our Legs to *walk*,  
‘ Our Hands and Arms to *toyl and drudg*,  
‘ And our Internal part to *Judg* ;

Made all things punctually agree,  
Without defect or fallacy ;  
And, though we hardly can believe  
Obliging friendship can deceive,  
Or that the man we thought no ill in,  
And trusted most, should prove a Villain ;  
Yet if the *Treachery*'s made out,  
I think there's little Cause to doubt  
Or fear our Bodies impotency's,  
When vouch'd by th' better part our *senses*.  
This tho it wear a homely dress,  
Sir, Knight, I take to be your *Cafe* :  
Your *Easie nature* cannot bend  
To slander or accuse your *Friend*,  
Or think your *Spouse* could e're allow  
To break her Matrimonial Vow,  
When you were ty'd in Sacred Bonds  
With Interchange of hearts and hands ;

‘ But let not *forms* and *outward show*  
‘ Possess your mind and Judgment so,  
‘ To think that *friendship* now in fashion  
‘ Will balk at *Carnall Copulation*,  
‘ When ’tis believ’d the *least* of Crimes  
‘ And the *mode* and *fashion* of the Times ;  
‘ For, Sir, although your friend professes  
‘ Much *love* to you, his *best addresses*  
‘ Are to your Wife, whom he’ll trapan,  
‘ And *Cuckold* you when e’re he can ;  
‘ For *Wives* like Golden Medalls are,  
‘ Proper for every one to wear,  
‘ And tho by several us’d, this blessing !  
‘ The husband has, to find *nought* missing ;  
‘ The *property* is always *right*,  
‘ Although ’tis worn both day and night ;  
‘ Then if you can *conceipt* yours *Chast*,  
‘ And only by your self embrac’t,

'As the old Proverb aptly shews,  
 'What the Eye ne'r fees, the heart ne'r rues,  
 'Your happiness is firm and clear,  
 'And you're as bless't as if she were.

'I lately knew a zealous Brother  
 'Was Married to just such another,  
 'And to flat *Cuckoldom* submitted  
 'From one that her Complection fitted,  
 'To make her *bumble* and *outwit* her,  
 'And on each small offence to *twit* her  
 'With the *lewd Crime* and *wanton freak*,  
 'Reproachful and *Lascivious trick* ;  
 'And, Sir, if this be your intent,  
 'I've shown you here a *President* ;  
 'Of solid and effectual Nature,  
 'And very proper to the matter ;

M 4

Besides

‘ Besides to Curb wild *Female Passions*,  
 ‘ Tis proper upon most occasions :  
 ‘ Insulting *Vertue* oft induces  
 ‘ Women with *Pride*, and makes ‘em *Shrews* ;  
 ‘ Gives Theam and Scope for noise and clamors,  
 ‘ Neglect of Duty, or in Amours ;  
 ‘ When *Vice* detected, *humble* proves,  
 ‘ And all that haughtiness removes,  
 ‘ Which the *Cleft-sex* still make the most of,  
 ‘ When they have any thing to boast of ;  
 ‘ But for your *Back-side Friend*, I know,  
 ‘ Your *Valour* best knows what to do,  
 ‘ With one that thus your honour Treats,  
 ‘ Soyls and contaminates the Sheets  
 ‘ Design’d for honourable Joyes,  
 ‘ The Marriage Bliss, in Girls and Boys,  
 ‘ Chew’d Pistol Shot and Poking Steel  
 ‘ Should be the Guerdon of such ill,

‘ And

‘ And the only way to wipe your stains out  
‘ Is without words to knock his *Brains* out ;  
‘ Or, if you’d have the grand affairs,  
‘ Kept *secret*,—break his *Neck* down stairs,  
‘ And show by his resistless fate,  
‘ The Effects of *Presbyterian-hate*,  
‘ Showr’d on all those that blindly dare  
‘ Affront a Champion of the War.

Quoth *Hudibras*, “ I understood  
‘ Long since thou didst delight in blood,  
‘ And from that old *Kill-Cow* thy Father  
‘ Thy Savage sentiments didst gather,  
‘ Thou would’st the same *decorum* keep,  
‘ As oft kill *Men* as he did *Sheep*,  
‘ Consider *Friends* no more than *Dogs*,  
‘ But stick them as thou usest *Hogs*,

‘ Did

‘ Did not my Judgment prudently  
‘ Oppose thy curst Barbarity,  
‘ But as the Law do’s think it fit  
‘ No *Butchers* shall in *Jury’s* sit,  
‘ Because their hearts are cruel made,  
‘ Bloody and hardened by their Trade,  
‘ So I’m resolv’d no *Butchers* Cur  
‘ Shall tempt my valour to a War ;  
‘ Where friends engage, not enemies,  
‘ And is commenc’t by prejudice ;  
‘ Besides, when I am once oblig’d,  
‘ With gratitude my heart’s besieg’d,  
‘ The tender plant has taken root  
‘ And spreads in me from head to foot,  
‘ For *Love* in uncorrupted friends  
‘ Should grow like Brambles at both ends.

Scarce had the Knight this sentence spoke,  
But *Ralfo* hears the door unlock,  
And sees from th' inner part oth' room,  
With *Glowing Cheeks*, the Lovers come :  
At which, (and being vext) grown bolder,  
Clapping the stupid Knight on th' shoulder,  
'Look up (quoth he) and eyes extend  
'To view the *man* you so commend,  
'See th' *Vertue* too you late did Wed,  
'New risen like *Sol* from *watry bed*,  
'And blushing with such *Rosie grace*,  
'As if *she* had supply'd his place,  
'Or rather had bin Arguing high  
'On *Natural Philosophy* ;  
'Tis true, if you'l continue *kind*,  
'You may suppose you still are *blind*,  
'That those two *forms* no *bodies* wear,  
'But *Insubstantial Figures* are ;

Imagine.

‘Imagine too, that her Night-rayl  
‘Was *ruffled* so with telling Tale,  
‘And though you hear ‘em *making Law*,  
‘Suppose they still may *virtuous* prove,  
‘And their *discourse* not *vain* or *lewd*,  
‘But for your honour, and your good :  
‘*Philosophy* strange works commences  
‘When it can rob us of our senses,  
‘And make our Eyes and Ears and Tongues  
‘Subservient to our *Shames* and *Wrongs* ;  
‘A mighty point ! and for my part  
‘Were I to be a man of Art,  
‘Learned and Cuckold, at your Rate,  
‘I’d rather wear my own dull pate,  
‘And plot how to revenge at once  
‘My *Injuries* upon *his Bones*,  
‘That made me wear the *Horned Badg*,  
‘And Cleft my *Timber* with his *Wedg* ;  
‘Than

‘ Than be in Judgment so besotted,  
‘ Idly to think no mischief plotted :  
‘ But now I hope your Wit will Credit  
‘ Your *own*, and th’ Case of *all* are *Wedded*,  
‘ Or else, by Hell ! I’le hold a Guiney,  
‘ Not one, but all the Devils are in ye.

At this, the Knight, his Opticks raising,  
And seeing Friend and Spouse *Embracing*,  
Blew out a Sigh so violently  
‘ Twas like to raise a storm at Sea ;  
Quoth he, *This Villain* Stalliano  
Deserves then to be burnt in masu,  
Whom I’le Immoderately swinge,  
And to Execute my Just revenge  
Will call him to such strict accompt,  
His life shall answer the Affront.

This

This said, he hand on *Bilboe* lays,  
And drew it out with as much ease,  
As if the kind though rusty steel  
His fatal Injuries did feel ;  
The Mortal point he straight prepar'd,  
And standing stoutly on his guard,  
As one well skill'd in Martial Law,  
Kicking the *Trustee*, bid him *draw*,  
Which was obey'd as soon as don,  
For seeing now no way to run,  
The Guilty *Stallian* tackt about,  
Stood and resolv'd to fight it out ;  
But knowing weapon was to short  
To match the Knights at this rude sport,  
A Fork that in the Chimney stood  
He snatcht to make his party good ;  
But ere 'twas reach't the hardy Knight,  
Possess't with fury, greif and spite ,

With

With heavy hand and Boystrous thump ,  
Twice bruiz'd his Head and twice his Rump ,  
With back-sword hilt , and hands up heav'd ,  
That doubtless had his Noddle cleav'd ,  
Or back and sides benumb'd with bruises ,  
And Tann'd h's hide worse than a Jew's is ,  
Had not the *Genius* of the War ,  
That often has o're *Wenchers* care ,  
To his discretion recommended  
The harm was furiously intended ;  
But now provok't beyond awgaging ,  
Shrugging with the late smart and Raging ,  
Upon the Enemy he Rushes ,  
And with the Sea-coal Engine pushes  
So quick and feirce , as if in th' strife  
Each blow would have extinguisht life :  
Not *Trojan* stout in bloody field ,  
That wore the *Ox-hide* for a shield ,

Nor

Not haughty Greek, with skin so tough,  
From head to heel, 'twas Poniard proof,  
E're made so desperate a fight,  
As now our *Trustee* and the *Knight*:  
*Victory*, with Expanded wings,  
O're both their heads in Triumph sings,  
And had Infallibly bequeath'd  
To *Hudibras* the Conquering wreath,  
Had not some Male-contented *Demon*,  
Envyng that he should ground his fame on  
Deeds so Essential to his Honour,  
Oppos'd his Fortune in this manner ;  
By sending the *Virago* Bride  
To Combate on her *Lovers* side ;  
Who boldly to his Aid did come  
Arm'd with an *Arbitrary* Broom,  
And nimbly brandishing it high  
At *Hudibras* a blow let fly,

Which

Which lighting smartly on his Pate,  
 Stunn'd him, and laid the *Heroe* flat :  
 Which *Ralphe* seeing, and the wrongs  
 Were done his Master, takes the Tongs  
 That in the room neglected lay,  
 Swearing they now for all should pay ;  
 And, falsifying the *Trustees* blows,  
 Steps in and snaps him by the Nose :  
*Tield, Wretch, (cryes he) and keep the Peace*  
*Or thou shalt never be releas'd.*  
*Tield,* quoth the *Trustee*, in disdain,  
 Though sorely Pincht with awkward pain,  
 As being with smart and shame surpriz'd,  
 To be thus rudely *dunstaniz'd*,  
 Snuffling the recreant word deny'd :  
 Till *Ralphe*, who his strength defy'd,  
 And knew that doing what he could  
 Should never make him loose his hold,

With turning Tongs and little wrench,  
Gave the imprison'd Nose a pinch  
So strong, th' ill *Genius* must command,  
For fatal weapon dropt from hand,  
And Conquer'd *Stalliano* now  
To the Squires happy chance must bœw,  
Who *craven* then, though late so stout,  
Vow'd, if he'd give him back his *Snowt*,  
To beg his *Pardon*, and agree  
To all the Rules of *Victory*.

*Sit then* (quoth *Ralph*) *and acquiesce*.  
Then looking round to see what case  
The *Knight* was in, observ'd the strife  
Grew dangerous 'twixt him and's *Wife*,  
And that old Iron and sturdy Broom  
To some dire *Exigence* would come;

To

To whom advancing, *Hudibras*  
 Cryes out, *Friend Ralpho keep thy place;*  
*By me this Conquest must be won,*  
*Ile tame alone this Amazon,*  
*Alone the power unquestion'd show*  
*Of Husband and of Heroe to.*

This said, his Sword away he threw,  
 And she forsook her weapon too,  
 Resolv'd to do her self the right  
 Bravely to take no odds in th' fight.  
 Then joyntly they together clung,  
 And wrestling on each other hung,  
 Both striving to prevail with trip,  
 Or force of Arms, or foot, or hip;  
 But *Hudibras*, who every day  
 Had learn'd this Junior School-boys play,

At an advantage takes across  
His Buttocks brawn the valiant Lass,  
And (as addition to his honour)  
With cunning sleight had easily thrown her,  
Had not her strange and lucky fate  
(Somewhat assisted by her weight)  
Perform'd an unexpected wonder,  
And made the Conquering Knight sink under.

*A Foyl, a Foyl, (cryes Ralph then)*  
Courage, brave Sir, and to't again;  
*A slip's no blot to manly valour;*  
Take her in th' Inturn, and you maul her.  
The Knight, ashamed at this damn'd luck,  
Rose, and in Arms *Virago* took,  
With strenuous lift he held her safe,  
And aided by a trip from *Ralph*,  
The *Championess* did so attack,  
At last he laid her on her back:

Then

Then lifting haughty front above her,  
Thus scornfully 'gan to reprove her :

'Thou Cormorant, Infatiate Wretch,  
 '(Whom in due time the Devil will fetch)  
 'Thou seest thy Stars renounce thy quarrel,  
 'To add fresh Verdure to my Laurel,  
 'My name to th' Nations will be seen,  
 'For ever shining and Serene,  
 'Whilst thou art by the world abhor'd,  
 'For combating thy lawful Lord :  
 'Oh thou, for whom my early years  
 'Were spent in Groans, and Sighs, and Tears.  
 'Whom I through blood and dangers sought,  
 'For whom I wept, for whom I fought,  
 'And for whose sake more than the Church  
 'Oft left our Party in the lurch,

' From Colours fled whilst they were Mauling,  
 ' Like Puss to come a Gattermauling ;  
 ' And is Rank Cuckoldom the due  
 ' Of one has always been so true ?  
 ' Shall Ignominy offend me here,  
 ' That never durst in War appear  
 ' To shade my Valour, but was still  
 ' Vassal to Courage and my skill ?  
 ' And thou, who from Loves plenteous store  
 ' Wert hourly feasted, to crave more ;  
 ' What Pamper'd Abbot could supply,  
 ' Or Lustful Satyr satisfie ?

Quoth she, *I swear by Beauties Charms,*  
*By Love, and your Victorius Arms,* I  
*My faithful thoughts have still been worn*  
*As innocent as Child new born;*

*Nor came I here on lewd Affairs,  
But with this Saint to joyn in Prayers,  
That Fate shold ne're our loves untye,  
Nor blast our Matrimonial Joy ;  
And if no truth I've now protest'd,  
The Devil fetch me, as you have wisht it.*

‘ Quoth he, In Books I never found yet,  
‘ What woman e’re play’d false and own’d it ;  
‘ Tis like self-wounding, bruise, or stabbing,  
‘ Or bringing in our selves for robbing ;  
‘ Nor can I be with Oaths deceiv’d,  
‘ What Lovers swear is ne’re believ’d :  
‘ But if ’tis true what you’ve profest,  
‘ Consent to take the *Ancient Test*,  
‘ Which tries the Faith of those are wedded,  
‘ And then perhaps you may have Credit ;

‘ An *English Princess* was suspected  
‘ Of Crimes like yours, and being rejected  
‘ By her fierce Lord, made this defence,  
‘ Thus nobly prov’d her Innocence ;  
‘ And to show how *much* she was abus’d,  
‘ Walk’d on *hot Irons* without her *Shoes*.  
‘ A *Roman Virgin* too, call’d *Whore*  
‘ By one was hir’d, and fasly sware,  
‘ To prove the *Certainty* of the last,  
‘ And that she was divinely *Chast*,  
‘ The Image of *Cybele* draws  
‘ Up *Tiber* streams without a *Pause* ;  
‘ A *Statue* that (as Authors prove)  
‘ Not *twenty thousand* men could move :  
‘ *Vertue* by *Miracles* is known ;  
‘ And though I do believe you’ve none,  
‘ Yet if you walk, to stop revenge,  
‘ On *red hot Irons* without a *singe* ;

‘ Or,

'Or, to confute your spreading shames,  
'Can draw the Monument cross the *Thames*,  
'I will believe you have been wrong'd,  
'And *Ralphe* here malicious tongu'd ;  
'But a true *Swinger*, if you fail,  
'As *Whetstone's Park* e're set to sale.

Quoth she, *I never have been brea*  
*To do that which the Ancients did,*  
*Nor am so holy and devout*  
*To tread on fire, not scalding foot ;*  
*Besides, Sir, you your self must grant*  
*You have not made me yet a Saint,*  
*Nor do such Sanctity inspire*  
*To make me Proof against streams and fire ;*  
*But thus far Pleth' Injunction prove,*  
*To let you see my faith and love,*

*Propose*

Propose some others that may be  
Partners, and prove the Test with me,  
As many Women, you'll allow,  
Suspected are, as I am now,  
And I'll come off, I'll lay my Life,  
Better than any other Wife.

“Madam, (replies the Knight) I see  
Plainly your drift and fallacy,  
Can well discern your female Magick  
And Cunning, by your Chopping Logick ;  
You know’t impossible to bring  
Another e’re to try the thing,  
Unless like you her Crime appears,  
Which may not chance in twenty years,  
But your deceit shall now want force,  
For instantly I’ll get divorc’d,

‘And

‘ And your fair Ladiship will draw  
‘ To plead to Justice and the Law—  
‘ Show Woman, when the Devil has won her,  
‘ And right the wrongs done to my Honour.

This said, the Squire, by Knights commands,  
With her own Garter ties her hands,  
And *Stalliano* binds with Cord,  
Nor suffers him to speak a word,  
But calmly take what was consign'd him,  
And thus to several Rooms confin'd 'em ;  
Resolv'd in th' morn to make all common,  
And bid adue to *Love* and *Woman*.

And now the Bell-man *Chaunticleer*  
Had notice given the day was neer,  
With kind, and yet unwelcome, Art,  
Tells Lovers, 'tis high time to part ;

The

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The sickly Moon grew pale and wan,  
To think that she must lose her Reign,  
And every Planet did prepare  
To usher in the Morning Star ;  
The Drowsy Carrier packs his Horses,  
To travel on their Journal Courses ;  
And the watchfull Grizl'd Husbandman  
Calls up his men to plough his Land ;  
When *Hudibras*, with grief opprest,  
Tumbling on Couch, could take no rest,  
But mourns in Tears his late *Miscarriage*,  
And curses *Fatal Love and Marriage*.

F I N I S.

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